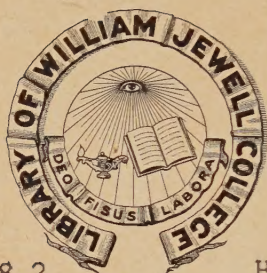


# Lapland Legends

By Leonne de Cambrey



398.2

H57

DISCARD

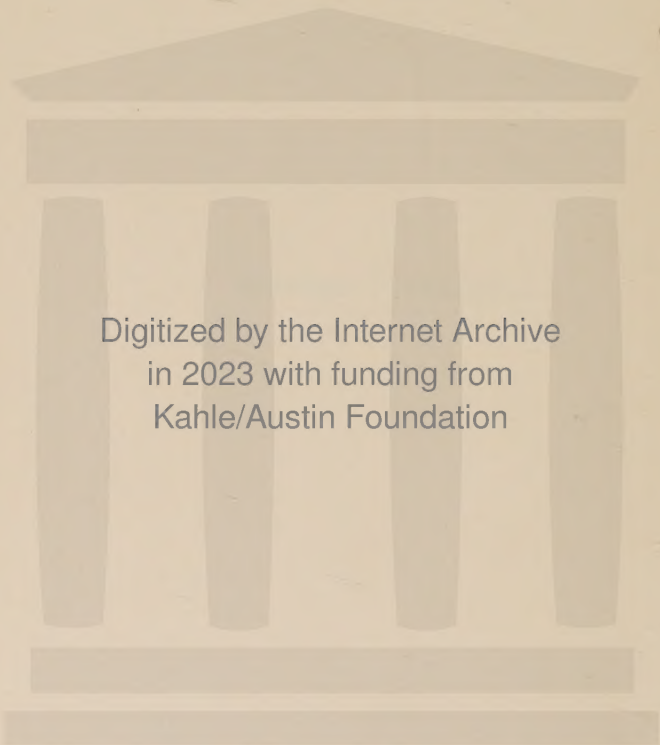
59678







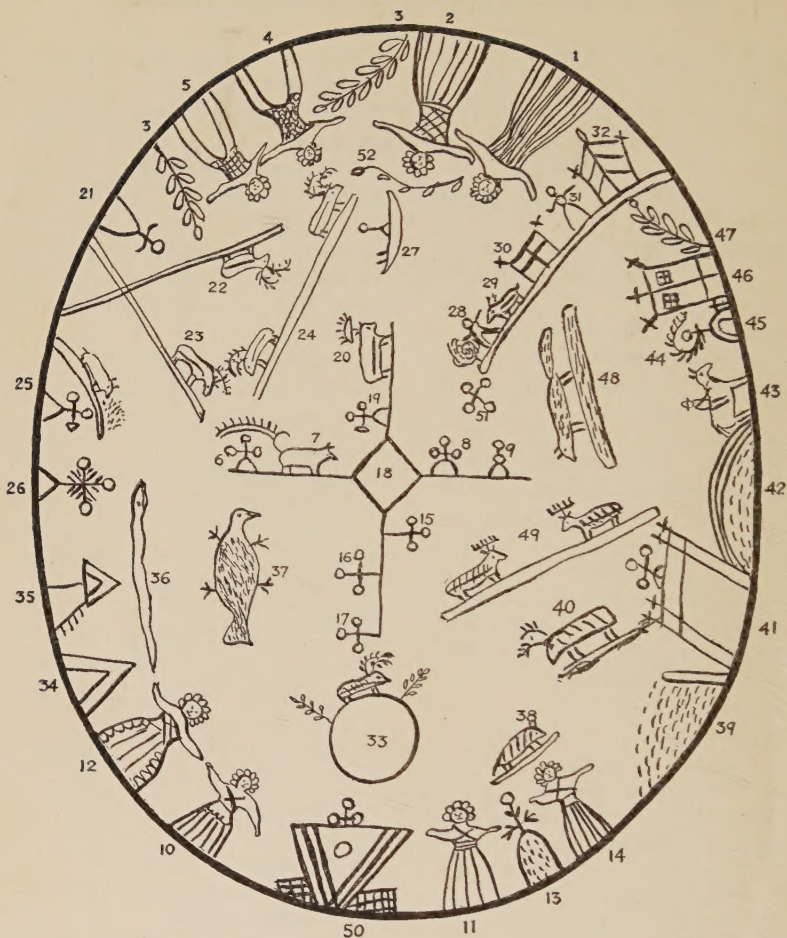
## Lapland Legends



Digitized by the Internet Archive  
in 2023 with funding from  
Kahle/Austin Foundation

## KEY TO FIGURES OF THE DIVINING-DRUM

1. Radien-Attsjhe, Jubmel, or the heaven-lord, the All-Father.
2. Radien-Akka, Jubmel's wife. (Not mentioned in the legends.)
3. Iddedes-Guovso, the dawn.
4. Radien-Noaide, the All-Father's shaman.
5. Radien-Noaide's son. (Perhaps Kallo—see the story of Nischer-gurgje.)
6. Horagalles, the thunder-god.
7. Horagalles' dog.
8. Bjeggogalles, the father of the wind-gods.
9. Bjeggogalles' wife.
10. Mader-Akka, mother-of-all-things.
11. Sarakka, mother or ruler over the sexes, especially the female sex.
12. Jouks-Akka, ruler over the male sex, also protector of boys.
13. Saelge-Aedne, goddess of childbirth.
14. Eatoshj-Aedne, the nameless one.
- 15, 16, 17. Ailekes Olbmak, holiday figures, pleasures.
18. Beijve, the sun-god.
19. Huntsmen.
20. Elk, luck in hunting.
21. Laeibbe-Olmai, forest-god.
22. Reindeer, luck with the herds.
23. Elk belonging in the underworld.
24. Savia-Sarvak, spirit reindeer. (Perhaps Jubmel's vaja.)
25. Stouk-Olmai, nameless ones.
26. Darkness. (Perhaps this sign meant the long months of the Arctic night.)
27. A boat, indicating that a sea voyage is at hand.
28. Shaman buying a goat for sacrifice.
29. A goat.
30. The messenger's house.
31. The messenger's wife.
32. A church.
33. Milking-corner for reindeer.
34. A viste or Lapp tent.
35. A cache, or place where food is stored.
36. The shaman's magic fish.
37. The shaman's magic bird.
38. A pig to be sacrificed.
39. Smallpox.
40. Sacrifice to the dead.
41. Jabmien-Aimo, the home of the dead.
42. Sickness sent by the Jabmekars from the underworld.
43. Rota on his horse.
44. The goddess of sickness.
45. Rotaimo, home of evil; the dwelling-place of Skamotes and Schlipme.
46. The church of evil. (Perhaps the dwelling of an evil shaman.)
47. The afterglow.
48. A wolf.
49. The shaman's reindeer.
50. The nethermost home of fever-fancies.
51. The gan-fly, the shaman's magic fly.
52. Aijan-Jouksa, the rainbow.



THE KOBIDAS, OR DIVINING-DRUM



# Lapland Legends

Tales of an Ancient Race  
and Its Great Gods



Retold from the Swedish  
by Leonne de Cambrey

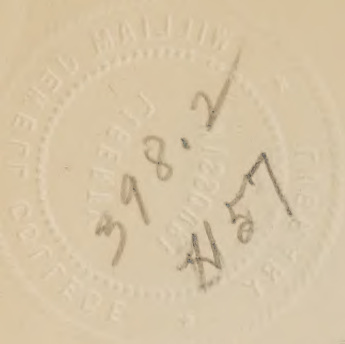
*(Mrs. Anna-Mia Hertzen)*



New Haven  
Yale University Press

London : Humphrey Milford : Oxford University Press

1926



Copyright 1926 by Yale University Press  
Printed in the United States of America

To the Memory of  
RICHARD GREEN MOULTON  
the Wisest and Kindest of Teachers  
These Legends  
are Gratefully and Lovingly Dedicated  
by One of His Former Students.





---

## Foreword



**T**HE legends contained in the present volume are, for the most part, a free rendering of the Solsönernas Saga of Valdemar Lindholm (Göteborg, 1909).

The narrator presents her work not so much to the student as to the general reader who, she trusts, will find much of fascinating interest in these curious tales of a primitive, alien people which is rapidly vanishing before the superior culture of a stronger race.



---

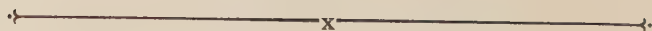
## Contents



Key to Pronunciation of Proper Names	xi
The Earth-lands Are Made	1
Attjis and Njavvis Rule in the Earth-lands	8
Attjis-ene and Njavvis-ene	11
Evil Days Come in the Earth-lands	19
The Murder of Njavvis	23
Attjis-ene's Deception	26
Njavvis-ene's Departure	32
Jubmel's Wrath: All Mankind Are Destroyed	35
Jubmel's Musings	41
Battje and Nanna	46
Beijen-Neita and the Bear-man	53
Attjis-ene Tries To Destroy Sameh	59
The Birth of Nischergurgje	66
Skamotes Meets the Shaman	71
Nischergurgje and Schlipme	76
Nischergurgje and His Magic Drum	81
Nischergurgje and Kallo	89
Nischergurgje's Departure	93
The Story about Torajas and Karkias	95
The Adventures of Waari	111
Kärgo and the Giant's Daughter	124
The Son of Pischan-Paschan	140
The Wanderings of the Sun-children	154
The Tale about Jalok and the Roiters	163

## Lapland Legends

The Stalo and Potto-Podnie	175
Roubba and the Sviars	184
Arben-Warda-Veksek	201
The Kobdas, or Divining-Drum	211





## Key to Pronunciation of Proper Names

a=a in father

ä=a in care

e=ay in may

i=ie in believe

j=y

sch=ch in church

tj=ch

u=u in under



# Lapland Legends

---

## The Earth-lands Are Made

**J**UBMEL, the heaven-lord, walked alone by the great eternal waters. He saw the waves go high; with mighty roaring they dashed against his feet. On each wave-crest rode an ugly Jamikiatser.\* With piercing shrieks and cries of derision they hailed the great god. They also woke the ghosts in Fudnos-aimo,† and these added their clamor to the fearsome noises made by the Jamikiatsers. Jubmel became greatly disturbed; the depths of his being were no longer at peace. In an awful voice he spoke:

“Silence! Silence! I am Jubmel.

Hush, you sons of Fudnos-aimo!

Angry ghosts from dark-world regions

My sweet rest shall not disturb.”

9-10-45  
But the ghosts and the evil spirits did not heed Jubmel's command. Louder and louder rose their howling. Piercing and unholy laughter and stabbing screams of hatred reached the ears of

\* Jamikiatser. Spirits of the under-world to whom the Lapps make offerings of bones and offal.

† Fudnos-aimo. The home of all terrors; the Lapp inferno.

## Lapland Legends

---

the god. A great wrath came over the heaven-lord. Again he spoke :

“Evil spirit-voices haunt me  
And disturb my day of dreaming.  
I will call my son, fair Beijve,‡  
Savio-aimo’s§ radiant one.  
I’ll consult with him, the wise one—  
Him, the greatest of my sons. . . .

“Beijve, you of gods the brightest,  
Throned ’mong my sons belovèd,  
Come and lend your aid to Jubmel,  
To the heaven-lord, your father.  
On your skis put two fresh glide-skins,  
Thus to hasten your arrival.  
Rest not on the way, fair Beijve,  
And let nought your progress hinder  
As you dash on golden runners  
Hither to your father’s bidding.”

Beijve came panting to his father’s side. With such great speed had he travelled that where he had passed over the sky the marks left by his skis may still be seen. Some people call these marks the Milky Way, others call them the

‡ Beijve. The sun-god, corresponding to Ammon Ra, Mithras, Vishnu, Apollo, or Balder.

§ Savio-aimo. The heaven-world; literally, “the home of holiness.”



## The Earth-lands

Winter-Lane; but the Sameh-people|| call them Beijve's tracks.

"Here am I, most high heaven-father," panted Beijve as he came like a whirlwind on his skis. "Here am I, and good counsel do I carry in my head. Great and wise is the heaven-lord, and wise is his son."

"Well done, my son," replied Jubmel. "The ghosts and the Jamikiatsers with their mocking cries and evil chantings disturb my calm; I am no longer pleased with the great void. Therefore I would create a new world. I need your advice, my shining son. A fair new world would I create for Beijve to rule over."

Thus Jubmel greeted his radiant son. Long and earnestly did they consult about the new world's shaping.

"Over your new world will I rule, and I will not let apparitions and evil spirits from the lower world rise and disturb the great Jubmel's rest." Thus spoke the fair Beijve.

"A good world will I create for my son Beijve to shine upon—a fair new world which shall make the beings in Fudnos-aimo flee in rage as they behold it."

The great god bade his little reindeer come to

|| Sameh. The Lapps themselves always speak of their own race as Sameh, and their land is Sameh-land; also they allude to themselves as the sun-children, Beijve's children, etc.

## Lapland Legends

---

him: "Come, my little vaja, you who graze on Passevaari."¶ Jubmel's vaja came running so fast that her golden hoofs twinkled like shafts of sunlight. She was comely and gentle. Jubmel laid his hand upon her and spoke: "You, my little vaja, shall no longer run upon my mountain. Out of your body I will shape the new world for Beijve, my son, to rule over. You, my little vaja, have infinite sadness in your eyes; and from your body I will shape the world to set my Savio-aimo apart from the nether regions."

With his own hand Jubmel laid low his vaja. From her body he took one little bone and flung it far out over the raging waves, and thus he spoke to the Jamikiatsers:

"Take this tiny bone and thereof  
Build a bridge across the silent,  
Fearsome, dark, eternal waters.  
Let it reach the nether regions,  
Where the utter night is ruling;  
Let it also reach the light-world,  
Mine and Beijve's shining viste.\*\*  
Let it reach the second heaven  
Where my sons of light and gladness  
Dwell in peace in Jubmel's kingdom.

¶ Passevaari. The holy mountain; the Olympus of the Lapps.

\*\* Viste. Literally, "dwelling-place." Home-site is perhaps the nearest expression in English.

## The Earth-lands

---

Build it strong and fair to look at.  
And, from it, the new world-shaping  
I will do while Beijve watches."

The Jamikiatsers flung themselves over the little bone. But of Jubmel they asked:

"What shall be our pay, O Jubmel,  
If for you this bridge we fashion?  
It must span dark Rota's†† waters.  
What shall be your friendship offering?  
Lo! between the nether regions  
And your own blue shining viste  
Lies a hundred long days' journey.  
Once again, how will you pay us  
If for you this bridge we fashion?"

In righteous wrath the great heaven-lord replied:

"Not for payment must you labor,  
Nor for gifts by gods bestowèd.  
When a god commands, you hasten  
Eagerly to do his bidding.  
Lord am I, with none beside me;  
I am Jubmel, all-embracing.  
Self I rule the highest heaven;  
Self I rule the nether regions;  
Self this new world I am shaping.

†† Rota. The ruler over the nethermost dark-world.

## Lapland Legends

---

Yet I give a friendship-offering  
To you for the task completed:  
When in days to be, my people  
Offer sacrifice to Jubmel,  
From the fattest of their reindeer  
Yours shall be the bones and offal."

Satisfied with this promise, the Jamikiatsers hastened with the building of the bridge. They built it firm and fair to behold. It spanned the fearsome abyss between the nethermost dark-world and the second heaven, where the light begins to shine.

Out of the little vaja's body Jubmel made the world. From the bones he fashioned the innermost structure of the new earth: long mountain-ridges, lofty peaks, rocks, and boulders. The flesh of the little vaja became the fertile soil. The blood-filled veins were made into swift-flowing rivers. The hair was fashioned into deep, mysterious forests. But the vaja's still beating heart Jubmel hid in the midmost earth. The lonely mountaineer, the tired lost wanderer, and those who carry sorrows in their hearts will know thus that Jubmel never forgets those who are worthy of his help. From the vaja's skull the great god shaped the sky as a shield between the earth and the heaven-world, so that the living creatures would not be destroyed by the awful



## The Earth-lands

---

brightness from Savio-aimo. The sad eyes of his vaja Jubmel placed in the sky: people know them as the morning and the evening stars. Parted lovers, dreamers, and song-makers find joy and comfort and understanding as they behold those stars.

Flowers, insects, birds, and four-footed animals did Jubmel make; fishes and water-creatures lived in the lakes and the rivers. Fair was the new earth, and Beijve became its ruler. Now the dark-world was separated from Savio-aimo, and no evil spirits could offend the gods.

## Attjis and Njavvis Rule in the Earth-lands

**A**FTER the new world was created it was given into the care of the sun-god. Jubmel, with his son, wandered over the new-made earth, pleased with his work: everywhere they saw beauty and abundance. The rivers flowed with sweet milk, the tree-trunks were filled with rich marrow, golden cheese-fruit bent the branches of the birches, and every spruce and pine tree was hung with meat-fruit.

Over this fair world fell Beijve's golden sunshine, warming, loving, and sparkling. Each day was a new joy. The terrors from the underworld could not reach the earth-lands. The evil spirits and the fearsome ghosts trembled in the chilly blackness of the third under-world.

One day while the two gods wandered joyously about in their fair new earth, Jubmel spoke thus to his son: "Wondrously bright is the new world, and my heart is light within me. Therefore I will now create beings like unto ourselves, who may also rejoice over the fair new-made earth."

Jubmel wandered down to the bank of a swift-flowing river. There he found something nameless, small, and insignificant. Out of this he shaped two beings with bodies like his own and

## Attjis and Njavvis

---

Beijve's. Tall, fair, and strong they stood before the two gods.

Jubmel turned to Beijve, the sun-god, and spoke: "Best-beloved son, into your keeping I give these two beings. They are to be your earth-children, for you to guard and warm and love."

Beijve spoke to the new-made men, thus: "Behold the bright new world, made by my father, Jubmel, the ruler over all things. This fair new land I give into your keeping: all the grazing-grounds for the fleet-footed reindeer, the marrow-filled trees, the other trees laden with heavy cheese-fruit and meat-fruit, and the rivers flowing with sweet milk—all this is to be your food. Warmth and shelter for your bodies, treasures of gold and silver, all the things your hearts may desire, I the sun-god give unto you, my earth-children. But one command I give you: *Brother must not hate his brother.*"

Beijve named the two god-made men Attjis and Njavvis. Now the great heaven-lord and his shining son returned to Savio-aimo, whence they could watch over the earth and the living creatures thereon.

Attjis and Njavvis dwelled together; they loved each other like brothers. Had not the heaven-lord made them from the same substance? And had they not been set to rule over

## Lapland Legends

---

this new world? In gratitude they lifted their voices in song. Jubmel and Beijve heard their gladsome singing as it rose from the earth, and they smiled in holy joy.

## Attjis-ene and Njavvis-ene

**M**ANO, Beijve's younger brother, one day had rebelled against Jubmel, his father. Therefore he had been cast out of Savio-aimo, henceforth to dwell on the moon. Here he now sat plotting against the gods.

When Mano saw the two brothers peacefully ruling the earth, his heart began to seethe with anger. For a long time did the moon-god ponder over how he might bring evil upon the brothers.

One night when Attjis was asleep beside Njavvis, Mano came and whispered wicked words into his ears. (What those words were, no one will ever know.) Next day Attjis walked away from their snug viste alone. His brother tried to follow him, but Mano gave wing-like swiftness to Attjis' feet.

At last Njavvis returned without his brother. Sad of heart, his days dragged out in solitude. His only comfort was to listen to the heart-beats of Jubmel's vaja buried in the midmost earth. In vain did Njavvis wait for his brother's return. Attjis, led by Mano, wandered far from the viste and hid from the face of golden Beijve.

Grief ruled the heart of Njavvis. Like a cry of pain his song rose to Savio-aimo. The sun-god came and stood before his earth-son, and in a gentle voice he asked: "Njavvis, why do you

## Lapland Legends

---

lament? Why do you sing plaintive songs, and why is your heart heavy?"

With downcast eyes and in a trembling voice Njavvis replied:

"Kindest Beijve, all you gave us.  
Great and many are the tokens  
Of the sun-god's love and wisdom.  
Food and drink I am not lacking,  
Field and stream hold stores in plenty.  
But my brother wandered from me!  
Therefore sadness twists my heart-roots  
While alone I'm doomed to languish;  
Therefore sorrow's gloom enfolds me,  
And my song is but a wailing  
When it reaches Beijve's hearing.  
Lonely, lonely, I'm bemoaning  
Attjis wandering from the home-site.  
In the stillness I hear beating  
Every heart-throb, deep in mid-earth,  
Of great Jubmel's holy vaja  
As she dreams 'neath Passevaari  
Sadly glance I up the hillside,  
And my heart is filled with longing.  
Each created thing in earth-land  
Has a mate, a playtime comrade—  
Only I, your son, in sadness  
Watch my days drag out their numbers."

When Beijve heard his son's lament his heart



## Attjis-ene and Njavvis-ene

---

rejoiced within him over Njavvis' goodness and humility. But the god was greatly vexed with Attjis for wandering away from his brother. Yet the sun-god knew that only Mano could have poured such wickedness into his heart and thus have forced him to leave his brother.

"Njavvis, my son, pray that your brother may not return with someone who may bring you great sorrows." Thus spoke Beijve.

Then said Njavvis: "But, kindest heaven-father, I am utterly alone. Why should I not grieve? I cannot endure this solitude! Give me back my brother. Jubmel made us out of the same substance and at the same time—we belong to each other."

At this, a divine smile broke over Beijve's face; yet his heart was stirred with compassion, and a great sparkling tear fell from his eye.

Suddenly Jubmel, the over-lord of heaven, stood beside his shining son. Savio-aimo's holiest light shone around the two gods, and in fear Njavvis hid his face. Tenderly Jubmel spoke to his earth-son: "Njavvis, behold, out of the sun-god's glad smile and his tear of compassion, I will create for you a mate, my beloved earth-son. All that is best in the created world and all that is tender and loving; all that is beautiful and gentle, is mirrored in Beijve's tear; his smile holds all the happiness and joy in Heaven and

## Lapland Legends

---

earth. And out of the two I shall fashion Njavvis-ene, your life-joy; and from you two shall spring a race of sun-bright men and women."

From the soft warm tear and the tender smile of his son, Jubmel made the first woman.

"Behold your wife, Njavvis-ene. No longer shall you be lonely. Dwell in peace and love and joy in the earth-lands, and let my world be filled with happy care-free people; let your glad songs reach up to Savio-aimo."

With these words the two gods went back to their heaven-world.

Before Njavvis stood a woman, the fairest ever to be seen on earth. Pure, high, and free was her forehead. The eyes held all the mystery of life and love and hope; their color was like the bluest blue of the fringed gentian, Jubmel's shyest and best-beloved flower. The brows were tenderly arched and, like the lashes, golden-brown. Her nose was small and shapely. The lips were red like the ripe lingon-berries. Beijve's own morning-flush glowed in her cheeks. The chin was soft and dimpled. Over her gold-white form the masses of pale gold hair fell like a shining cloak. Her voice held all the sweet notes of the birds' mating-song. When she moved about, Njavvis felt a strange and new joy stir his heart, and he lifted his voice in a glad song of thanksgiving to the gods.

## Attjis-ene and Njavvis-ene

---

This song rang clear and loud and joyous over the earth. It even reached the dark hiding-place of Attjis and stirred in him a craving to find the cause of this new happiness. Therefore Attjis returned to his brother's viste.

When Njavvis saw his brother far off he ran to meet him. With a light heart he offered him food and welcome-gifts. But Attjis' soul had been made evil by Mano's black art, and he rebuffed his gentle brother, saying that he only wanted to learn the cause of his unseemly joyousness. The happy brother once more broke into song:

“Why should I not now be joyful?  
Why should now my lips be silent?  
Why should I in sadness languish,  
When my heart with joy runs over?  
Sad I was, belovèd brother,  
When from me away you wandered.  
Lonely did I roam the forests,  
And my anguish rose to Beijve,  
To the loving god in heaven.  
He did not forsake poor Njavvis,  
But a wonder-gift bestowed  
Fairer than all things in earth-land.  
Beijve gave me Njavvis-ene,  
From his smile and tear-drop fashioned.  
She alone can ease my sorrows;  
She alone, my faithful comrade,

## Lapland Legends

---

Follows me throughout my life-day;  
She alone can aid and strengthen  
Me in all my earthly labor;  
She alone can still my heart-pain.  
Peace and joy I find beside her.  
Last and best of all the blessings,  
She shall be my life-fruit bearer."

Blinded with envy, Attjis left his brother. Far away and close to the gates of Mubben-aimo\* he had his dwelling; here he could hear the clamorings and trappings of the spirits of ill, and the wicked fancies, and the evil-bearing dreams, as they wandered up and down upon the bridge built by the Jamikiatsers before Jubmel had made the world. Bitterness ate at Attjis' heart, and no longer did he listen to the friendly heart-beats of Jubmel's vaja; dark and chilly was his viste, and evil thoughts filled his head.

Thus he met Mano, whose face is like that of one dead. Mano was the enemy of golden Beijve, whose light he stole, and from whom he must always flee. Mano spoke to Attjis: "Wicked thoughts I see in your eyes. Hatred and envy are now gnawing at your heart-roots. I advise you to cause your brother to vanish from the earth."

Attjis replied: "*Brother must not hate his brother.* But why should Njavvis be the father

\* Mubben-aimo. The home of sickness and fever-fancies.

## Attjis-ene and Njavvis-ene

---

of Beijve's race, while I must go down to Jabmien-aimo† without offspring?"

Mano answered: "Yes, *Brother must not hate his brother*. But your race might destroy the children of the sun-god."

Attjis spoke once more: "Beijve gave my brother a wife; Njavvis-ene will give him children."

"Wife you shall embrace, and offspring you shall have. What Beijve gave Njavvis, Mano can also give to Attjis."

With unclean magic and evil chants Mano called forth his own daughter, Skamotes the vile one, and she was given to Attjis in marriage. Attjis-ene and her mate dwelled far from Beijve's sun-slopes and far from Njavvis' viste.

Comeliness the moon-god's daughter had none. The song relates:

"Attjis-ene, Mano's daughter,  
Born through Mano's evil magic,  
Gained her strength from Mano's spirit,  
Gained her form through Mano's gan-words.‡

† Jabmien-aimo. The home of human beings after death, the soul-home; a state of mild purgatorial existence. (See Fig. 41 of the divining-drum and explanatory note.)

‡ Gan-word. A word of potency; a word used to cast a spell or to exorcise. In the magic incantations the gan-words were murmured or chanted until the desired result was obtained. There were both good and evil gan-words:

## Lapland Legends

---

Evil thoughts she carried with her;  
Hate and envy, bitter seedlings,  
Did she scatter as she wandered  
Forth, amidst the new-made earth-lands  
Where you see the vile things flourish,  
There will you find Attjis-ene  
Lurking close with wicked gloatings.  
Beauty none had Mano's daughter.  
Coarse and stringy hung her tresses,  
Colored like a rotting hemp-rope,  
Falling over caved-in forehead.  
Eyes with evil thoughts ignited  
Showed the wicked heart within her;  
Hooked her nose; pale-lipped and cruel  
Was the crooked mouth thereunder.  
Long and yellow beast fangs glinted  
As she sputtered forth her curses  
In a voice like North Wind howling  
Through a crevice in a rock-cave,  
Or like hungry Gray Wolf snarling  
As he tears a bloody carcass  
Haltingly her path she's threading  
Through the gloaming and the night-tide,  
Doing ill, mankind affrighting.  
Have you seen this apparition,  
Then have you seen Attjis-ene,  
Mano's daughter, dread Skamotes."

the good ones were taught by Nischergurgje, and the evil ones were taught and used by Skamotes and her shamans.



## Evil Days Come in the Earth-lands

**A**TTJIS and his wife dwelled where the warm sunshine never came; far from Beijve had they wandered. The trees were stunted, and scanty was the food. Poor were the grazing-slopes, and lean were the wild deer. There were no silver-gleaming fishes in the icy rivers, and hunger was known to these two beings.

Then spoke Attjis-ene: "Behold your brother Njavvis. See how the sun-god's reindeer graze about his viste; his rivers are also filled with milk and swarm with fish, and his trees are bending with rich meat-fruit. Are you not his brother? Why does he not share with you in his abundance?"

Attjis thought about these things; and the fires of hatred and envy burned in his heart and drove the slumber from his eyes. One day he went to Njavvis' viste. The good brother met him with joy and offered him the best welcome-gifts. But he refused them; and instead he demanded with rude speech that Njavvis share his land with him. This the gentle brother was glad to do, and thus he spoke to Attjis: "Brother, nothing did I take from you. You wandered away from our viste. Is not Beijve's land left to us both? Take all you desire; come and dwell on the sunny slopes where Beijve makes glad the

## Lapland Legends

---

earth. There is room enough for us both. Behold, Njavvis-ene and I bid you welcome. Now my heart is light within my bosom, for we shall dwell in peace side by side, my beloved brother."

Something warm and long-forgotten stirred in Attjis' soul, and he fell upon his brother's neck with a cry of joy. But the evil spirits which Attjis-ene had sent with her mate returned to her with angry screams and loud lamenting.

*"Brother must not hate his brother,"* said Attjis. With peace in their hearts and good-will toward each other the two brothers parted.

Njavvis made a thanksgiving offering to Jubmel and Beijve from a freshly slain wild deer. Then he took his wife and their belongings and moved farther up the sun-slope, for he wanted to give his brother all the land he desired.

Soon Attjis and his wife came and took the land left for them by the good brother. But no longer did Beijve shine down upon them as brightly as he had shone upon Njavvis. Instead Skamotes spread death-smell and sickness about the viste, and Mano's evil birds perched in the trees about them and sang their songs of hatred and envy, thus hardening Attjis' heart against his brother.

Again Mano's daughter spoke to her mate:

"Only poor land did your brother give us."

## Evil Days

---

Where he now dwells there is abundance of good things. Go to him and demand your share."

Once more Attjis sought his brother. "You gave me nothing but poor land and kept the best for yourself. Behold how fat are your wild deer, and your trees how heavily loaded with cheese-fruit, and your lakes and rivers are sweet milk. I demand half of this land."

Njavvis again moved his viste far up on the mountain-slope. Closer to Beijve, his father, did he take his wife Njavvis-ene. Never once did he forget that "*Brother must not hate his brother.*" His happy song rang out over the mountains, and each day he sacrificed to the sun-god.

Again the sun-god would not shine on the evil dwelling of Mano's daughter and her mate. Thus abundance was once more driven from their land, and secretly Attjis-ene rejoiced.

More and more land did the wicked brother take. With grief did the gods see how Njavvis and his wife were driven farther and farther up on the mountain. Now Skamotes and Mano truly ruled the earth. Their hatred of the gods, practice of black art, and traffic with the dark-world beings made the gods turn away their faces.

Sad of heart, Njavvis saw the evil wrought in the once fair earth-lands. Still he made daily of-

## Lapland Legends

---

ferings to the high gods; for he had his mate, and a son had come to gladden their hearts.

But the days of plenty were forever vanished from the earth. No longer were the two brothers happy and care-free; no more could they dream throughout the long days in blissful idleness beside milk-filled streams, beneath food-bearing trees, while the golden sunshine warmed their bodies.

At last there was no more land to be divided. Then Attjis went to his brother and demanded that a home be given to himself and his wife. This was gladly granted. Skamotes had borne her mate a daughter. This child was a strange mingling of good and evil, of Beijve and Mano.

Njavvis willingly shared his all with the brother and his evil wife and their child. Skamotes and Attjis ruled the two households; she made good Njavvis-ene and Njavvis himself their slaves. Attjis-ene forced Njavvis to hunt and fish while his gentle wife worked about the viste, gathering firewood, preparing food, and curing skins for garments which she fashioned for them all. She performed her tasks with loving patience, grateful to the high gods for the blessings which still remained.

## The Murder of Njavvis

**T**HE two brothers hunted and fished together when it pleased the wicked brother to hunt or fish. It was always he who cut up the slain wild deer and divided the meat, always keeping the best for himself. Against this the good Njavvis said nothing, for he loved peace above all things.

One day Njavvis went out hunting alone. Only one little wild deer had he managed to slay. And, as his brother was not with him, he began to cut up and divide the animal; he was in haste, for he knew that his wife and their little son were very hungry and were waiting for him to bring them some food.

Suddenly Attjis stood over him. To-day he was in a more evil mind than usual, for his wife had used her vile tongue upon him, and the words of Mano's daughter hurt him like festering sores. In great wrath Attjis raged at his brother: "Who gave you the right to cut up and divide the animal?"

Meekly and with bowed head the gentle brother replied:

"All I gave you, dearest Attjis.  
Peace I love; but you, my brother,  
Sought but strife and did the bidding  
Of your mate, pale Mano's daughter.

## Lapland Legends

---

*Brother must not hate his brother,  
Golden Beijve early taught us.  
Brother must his brother cherish.  
Oh! why did you wander from me,  
Far into the lands of evil,  
Near the brink of Mubben-aimo?  
And why did you take as helpmate  
Skamotes, the moon-god's daughter?  
On you she has used her magic,  
Brewed for you her draught of hatred.  
Brother dear, I love not warfare.  
Take my wild deer undivided.  
Give me but a bit of pot-meat  
For my wife, fair Njavvis-ene,  
And our son, the slender sapling."*

Now took place a fearsome thing. A deed was done which, in the fullest measure, brought the evil days upon the earth. At this deed the shining sun-god hid his face, and all the earth went dark with horror. But the ghosts, and the Jami-kiatsters, and the evil ones who dwell in the nether-world shouted in unholy glee; and Skamotes and her father danced with joy.

Attjis, commanded by the evil spirits in his heart and driven by the dark-world beings sent with him by his vile mate, took the head of the slain wild deer, and, holding it by the antlers, he beat his gentle brother to death.

## The Murder of Njavvis

---

The loving spirit of Njavvis left his body and flew to his home in Jabmien-aimo, the peaceful dwelling prepared by Jubmel for all righteous and obedient people when they leave their bodies. Thus Njavvis passed from the earth-lands. But the command given to the two brothers by Beijve had been spoken in vain.

The sun-god, filled with horror at Attjis' evil deed, would not shine down upon the earth for many days. And the heart of Jubmel's vaja beat so hard that the whole earth began to rock back and forth so violently that Attjis, still holding the head of the wild deer by the antlers, was flung up to the moon. Thus he became a subject of Mano; and people may still see the wicked brother sitting in the moon, if they look for him when it is full.



## Attjis-ene's Deception

**N**OW the two women were left to shift for themselves. Their two children grew and played together. The son of Njavvis-ene was a fair lad who had inherited all his father's gentleness and his mother's wisdom. In a short while he would be strong enough to hunt the wild deer and provide them all with abundant food.

But envy tore the heart of Attjis-ene. She even hated her daughter, whose features, being like her own, reminded the mother of her mate, now dwelling with her father Mano, the moon-god. The vile Skamotes began to plot and devise plans whereby she could gain possession of the lad.

One day the two women were out in the woods gathering cloud-berries. Now Attjis-ene saw a chance to get the lad away from his mother. With flattering words she approached her singing thus:

“Njavvis-ene, nimble-fingered,  
Swift you are, my sister dear,  
When you pick the juicy berries.  
See, how brimming is your measure  
Long before I reach the half-way.  
Clumsy are my claw-like fingers,  
Stiff my back, my hinges creaking.

## Attjis-ene's Deception

---

You are young, and I am aging.  
Therefore heed my friendly bargain:  
Let us have a contest, sister,  
Let us see who is the swifter.  
Let us start to fill our measures  
Both at once, and she who triumphs  
Shall receive as prize your youngling,  
While the loser takes my daughter.  
Just a friendly game, dear sister;  
Surely, you your own will cherish,  
As I hope to keep my daughter."

Without thought of trickery Njavvis-ene agreed to this bargain. Eagerly she began to pick the berries, always seeking the thickest patches. Thus she wandered off a little way from Attjis-ene. While alone, Skamotes filled her measure nearly to the brim with moss and dry leaves; over these she put a thin layer of berries. Now she went in search of Njavvis-ene, to whom she showed her full measure, meanwhile feigning surprise to see that the other had only a half-filled one.

"A bargain must be respected," Skamotes said. "Now your lad is mine."

With sorrow in her heart the good mother saw her son being led off by Attjis-ene, who, in her haste, had left her berry-measure behind her in the woods. It was later found by Njavvis-ene,

## Lapland Legends

---

who now saw that she had been tricked. Meanwhile, the lad and his new mother had wandered away. He soon began to fish and hunt the wild deer; and thus his wicked foster-mother did not lack for food and clothing.

In the good mother's viste the girl learned many useful things. Together Njavvis-ene and her foster-daughter began to tame the wild deer, and thus they, too, had meat and milk and cheese. After some sun-rounds, Skamotes' daughter forgot all the evil she had been taught by her mother and, under Njavvis-ene's care, became a gentle and obedient maiden.

However, when Skamotes learned that Njavvis-ene and her own daughter had tamed the wild deer, she sent Korm\* and gan-flies† to kill and harass the tame herd. The animals were forced to seek protection against these pests among the forests. Now hunger once more tore at the empty bowels of the two women. At such times Skamotes' daughter was heard to cry out loudly in her distress.

One day her hunger-cries were heard by Njavvis-ene's son; for he was hunting close to the

\* Korm. The fearful mosquitoes found in Lapland, which harass the reindeer and often drive them so frantic that they break away from dogs and herders and flee to the deep forests, where the wolves prey upon them.

† Gan-fly. A poisonous fly which lays its eggs in the flesh of the living reindeer, causing painful boils.

## Attjis-ene's Deception

---

two women's viste. In pity he cut a large piece of pot-meat from his slain deer and stole up to the tent, which was built under a tall pine tree. He climbed up in the tree and out on a branch; and, wishing to be prankish, he let the meat fall into the cooking-pot.

It just happened that Njavvis-ene had a pot full of water hanging over the fire in the tent, for she was about to prepare some soup from bones and herbs and the tender bark of some trees. Looking into the pot, she saw her son's face mirrored in the water.

"O my son!" she cried in great joy.

"I am not your son," replied the youth, who had forgotten his real mother.

"Let us go to the spring and see," suggested Njavvis-ene.

When the lad saw how much alike their two faces were, he said: "Yes, now I know you to be my mother." He took her in his arms and kissed her reverently.

Now his mother told her son of Attjis-ene's deception, how she had stolen him from his own mother.

"The man-thief must die," cried the youth, trembling with righteous wrath. In this hour he suddenly became a man. With thundering steps he strode to his foster-mother's viste. In an awful voice he accused her of the crime, and told

## Lapland Legends

---

her that her hour to die had come. She made a powerful resistance, and pleaded for her life, but her foster-son showed no pity.

As she was about to give up her breath, she clutched him by the hip-joint with such violence that he winced. While her black blood was slowly oozing from her ugly body she still clawed at the man bending over her with a sharp stone knife in his hands. With her dying breath she cursed him and all mankind, thus:

“Though I am your foster-mother,  
Me you murder, ingrate brat!  
But a heritage I leave you:  
Know that when in far-off future  
Any of your race accursèd  
Feels the cramp-pain in his hip-joint,  
Attjis-ene’s clutch has reached him.”

With vile words and black-art curses did her evil spirit fly down to dread Rotaimo. But she still has the power to return and wander about the earth whenever golden Beijve’s light is not shining. She whispers all wicked thoughts into the ears of sleeping people. She sends horrible dreams and dark spirits to disturb mankind. She whispers vile and lustful things to those who are willing to heed her. Many who are not of Beijve’s race and who listen to her evil promptings will become her servants in the earth-lands; and

## Attjis-ene's Deception

---

for such the doors of Jabmien-aimo will never be opened. Their home will be in Mubben-aimo, whence they depart for the home of all terror and darkness.

## Njavvis-ene's Departure

**N**JAVVIS-ENE and her son, with the daughter of Skamotes, now lived peacefully together. The youth and the maiden became husband and wife and were the parents of a new race of human beings who were a strange blending of good and evil. And still the goodness was not allowed to rule the hearts of men. Mano's daughter sent dark-world spirits and Jamikiatsers to scatter hateful thoughts among those who were willing to listen to their vile whispers. To all who lent their ears to these whispers, the black magic of Attjis-ene was taught; and these dark-art practices caused Beijve to draw a cloud-veil over his shining face, and the earth-dwellers stumbled about in the cold half-light in which the nether-world beings flitted about, doing the biddings of Mano's daughter. The heart of the sun-god was very sad at the sight of envy and selfishness, greed and trickery, fear and hate that destroyed the peace of his children. No longer did the odors from the burnt offerings to the gods rise from the earth, and no glad voices of thanksgiving sounded among the human beings.

The evil and the bitterness in the hearts of mankind deeply grieved the gentle Njavvis-ene, who lingered on earth, trying to lead the blinded



## Njavvis-ene's Departure

---

human beings into better ways; but few heeded her words or followed her advice.

Then, one day, knowing that her effort had been made in vain, the daughter of the sun-god felt that she was about to pass to her home in the light-world, to the shining Savio-aimo, to dwell with her golden father. Before Njavvis-ene closed her eyes in death she sang a sacred joujkem\* to those who stood by her bedside. This song has been treasured and sung by all the good people who are her offspring. With Beijve's last rays on her face, and looking toward the reddening west, she sang:

"Night is nearing, sun is sinking.  
Gloom is falling on the earth-lands.  
No one knows when rosy morning  
Dawns again for Beijve's people.  
Storm and flood, with wolves a-howling,  
Killing pest and Korm a-stinging,  
Must be known to all my children,  
Plunged in wickedness and darkness

"Beijve calls me: I am coming—  
To the light-world I am going,  
To my home in Savio-aimo,  
There to dwell with my great father.

\* Joujkem. A song, often of prophetic significance. A song of departure from life, or a chant during moments of exaltation. One meaning of this word is "song inspired by the gods."

## Lapland Legends

---

But one day to my dear children  
I will come again—come bearing  
Gifts of gold and gifts of silver.  
Loving counsel, peace, and plenty  
Once again shall rule the earth-lands.”

The wife of Njavvis closed her eyes, and her spirit went up to her father. But her body was buried on the holy mountain, Passevaari.

## Jubmel's Wrath: All Mankind Are Destroyed

WHEN the wickedness increased among the human beings the heart of Jubmel's vaja, in the midmost earth, trembled with terror so that the upper layers of the earth fell away, and many of the people were hurled down into those caved-in places to perish.

And Jubmel, the heaven-lord himself, came down over the bridge built by the Jamikiatsers. He walked about on the earth and saw that it was no longer fair and good to look upon. This made the great god wrathful. His terrible anger flashed like red, blue, and green fire-serpents,\* and the people hid their faces, and the children screamed with fear. People named those fire-serpents Jubmel's obloes.† The angry god spoke to Beijve thus:

"Beloved son, a good and fair land did I make for you to rule over: but see how Mano's daughter and the Jamikiatsers have caused evil to flourish among the human beings. Therefore I shall punish the people for listening to the vile

\* Fire-Serpents. Perhaps the Aurora Borealis.

† Jubmel's obloes. Flashes of lightning; also the thunder, which was even more feared than the lightning itself. (See Fig. 6 of the divining-drum.)

## Lapland Legends

---

Skamotes and the dark-world spirits. My son, behold! I shall reverse the world. I shall bid the rivers flow upward; I shall cause the sea to gather itself up into a huge towering wall which I shall hurl upon your wicked earth-children, and thus destroy them and all life."

Jubmel set a storm-wind blowing,  
And the wild air-spirits raging.  
All of Bjeggogalles'‡ offspring  
Turned he loose upon the earth-lands.  
All of Rota's springs were flowing,  
Spouting death on things created.  
Foaming, dashing, rising sky-high  
Came the sea-wall, crushing all things.  
Jubmel, with one strong upheaval,  
Made the earth-lands all turn over;  
Then, the world again he righted.  
Now the mountains and the highlands  
Could no more be seen by Beijve.  
Filled with groans of dying people,  
Was the fair earth, home of mankind.  
No more Beijve shone in heaven.  
And the stars their eyes averted,  
Trembling, as they heard the death-cries  
Rising from the sun-god's people.

‡ Bjeggogalles' sons. The storm-god and his four sons. (See Fig. 8 of drum.) In this case Rota functions as a god of destruction. (See Fig. 43 of drum.)

## Jubmel's Wrath

---

Thus Jubmel destroyed all the beings who had lived in his world. But Beijen-Neita, who had been Njavvis-ene upon earth, looked down from her light-world among the gods and saw all the people perish. Her grief cannot be rendered by human tongue. In great haste she went to her father, the sun-god, saying: "Most high father, behold how Jubmel is destroying the earth-lands and all the living creatures."

"Daughter," Beijve said sternly, "you must not speak thus of what the great heaven-lord is now doing. He knows best how to deal justly with the evil-doers. In the first days of the created world all was fair, and happy mortals dwelled upon my earth, and Jubmel and I rejoiced. But later, Mano and Skamotes spread evil in my world, and I could no longer shine with joy upon the earth-lands. The heart of Jubmel's vaja shuddered with the horror of Njavvis' death, and the human beings forgot their gods and heeded the whispers of the darksome spirits from Rotaimo. Only because of the great wickedness amongst my people does Jubmel destroy them."

Still, the good Beijen-Neita did not cease her entreaties for the dying earth-children. It grieved her gentle heart to see how they were destroyed by the great waters which were being turned loose upon the earth. At last she flung

## Lapland Legends

---

herself weeping at her father's feet, crying out: "Great golden father, remember how fair was your earth in the first good days. Remember how fragrant were the burnt-offerings to you and Jubmel. Remember the happiness of your children. Can you, my beloved father, witness the destruction of your once so fair land? Dearest father, have pity! Behold your daughter weeping at your feet."

Beijve's heart became soft within him, and holy compassion and sorrow made him speak thus: "My heart is tender in my bosom. The anguish of my beloved daughter stirs my being. A father cannot calmly see his child in tears at his feet. Therefore I go to seek the wrathful Jubmel. I will plead with him as you, fair Beijen-Neita, have pleaded with me. My aim shall be to calm his righteous and holy anger and to pour gentleness into his heart."

The sun-god sought his father. With divine pity in his heart he spoke thus to Jubmel: "You, the greatest and the highest among the gods, you who rule over all things created, in trembling do I approach you, my great father. I behold you now in your mighty wrath, high and terrible. Your divine anger has called forth the dread obloes. Awful are your powers. But I am your best-beloved son, and your anger cannot

## Jubmel's Wrath

---

turn upon me; therefore my prayer to you, my father, shall not go unheeded."

The over-lord of all created things spoke: "What is it you wish from your father? Speak, my son!"

"O Jubmel! fair was the new-made earth, and with joy did I rule over it. With warm love did I guard it. But Mano's dark brood came with death and evil. And now, great heaven-father, you are destroying your own work. Calm your anger, my mighty father. Save my race of men! heed my pleadings! I beseech you, most great heaven-ruler, stay the waters and bid the storm-spirits be still!"

Like waves softly lapping a green shore did Jubmel's anger calm itself. He stepped down to the inundated world and found that all the human beings were being destroyed. A long time did he wander over the raging waters, and then sky-high waves dashed blackly around his feet. He was seeking some human beings still alive. Long did he seek and far did he wander upon the tossing waves where dead bodies were dashed about in the dark waters.

At last he came upon a boy and a girl, still alive. With a light heart Jubmel carried them up to his holy mountain. Far up on Passevaari did he lay them down, close to the place where



## Lapland Legends

---

Njavvis-ene had been buried. He let a long, deep sleep fall upon the children.

Happy, the fair Beijen-Neita, she who had been Njavvis-ene on earth, kept guard while these two rescued human beings slept.

## Jubmel's Musings

**A**FTER the great Jubmel had carried the two living children up on his holy mountain he strode upward to the highest peak of Passevaari. There he seated himself and let his eyes stray over the seething black waters that dashed below his mountain. And thus spoke Jubmel:

“Fair they were, the new-made earth-lands,  
Loaded down with richest treasures.  
Golden cliffs and stones of silver  
Gleamed and sparkled at the sun-god.  
And my children, without effort,  
Found on earth food, raiment, shelter,  
Found the things their hearts desired,  
Careless of the days to follow.

“Thus, they grew. But soon my children  
Found no joy in peace and plenty—  
Only took without thanksgiving  
All the good things in the earth-lands.

“Strange, meseems, the heart of mankind!  
Hard it grows in times of plenty;  
But in days of pain and famine  
It grows soft, and ardent prayers  
Rise with odors of the offerings  
Made to Jubmel and fair Beijve.

## Lapland Legends

---

"Strange, meseems, the heart of mankind!  
Hard it is for gods to fathom  
Why, in days of joy and riches,  
Men will vaunt their earthly wisdom,  
Boast of power and skill and cunning.  
Then the godly gifts they sneer at,  
And regard themselves as godlings,  
And go straying from the light-path,  
Stirring gods to wreck in vengeance  
All things made and bring destruction—  
Punishment for all the evil  
Taught to them by Mano's daughter,  
Source of ghosts and dark-world beings,  
Bringing Korm, ill luck, pest, famine  
To harass my foolish children.

"Then, when retribution followed,  
Hot repentance tore the heart-strings  
Of my awed but heedless children.  
With their futile supplications  
They approached the gods in heaven,  
Prating not of human wisdom,  
Boasting not of power and cunning. . . .

"Thus 'tis made, the heart of mankind—  
Half of Beijve, half of Mano.  
Beijve's half of godhood dreaming,  
Mano's half in evil weltering;  
Beijve's half forever yearning  
For its home in Savio-aimo;

## Jubmel's Musings

---

Mano's half with evil magic  
Casting spells of death on all things  
How to part from light the darkness,  
How to part from good the evil,  
How to save the race of Beijve  
From themselves and evil-willings,  
From their Mano-born ambitions—  
This shall be the task of Jubmel.

“Not within a world of brightness  
Where they live in great abundance  
Will their hearts rise up in gladness;  
There, to Mano's hateful whispers  
Eagerly they lend their hearing;  
In their hearts the darkness hovers,  
And forgotten is the sun-god. . . .

“But my plan is born and ready,  
How to part from light the darkness.  
All the good things in the earth-lands,  
Freely used by Beijve's children—  
Gold and silver, milk and cheese-fruit—  
All I'll hide deep down in mid-earth  
Near the heart of my dear vaja,  
As a hoard for Beijve's children.  
And the sun-god shall be guardian  
Of these treasures, gifts from Jubmel  
To his children in the earth-lands.  
And they shall fare forth to seek them—  
Treasures sung of by the shamans—

## Lapland Legends

---

Always knowing they lie buried  
Near the heart of my dear vaja  
As a gift to my own children.  
In their songs and chanted sagas  
Shall the treasure-tales live ever  
Through the ages of the wanderings  
Of great Beijve's sun-bright people—  
Consolation in their sorrows,  
Fair-day joy and dream-world fancy,  
Golden tie to draw my people  
Close in love, in pain and danger.

"If in lonely days or night-tides  
Wandering herders on the mountains  
Hear the loving faithful heart-beats  
Of my vaja, deep in mid-earth,  
They shall know that hidden treasures  
Lie in wait for Beijve's people.

"Thus through long and weary ages  
Song and saga shall keep living  
Gladsome tales of joy and plenty,  
Once more willed to my dear children.

"Seek the hoard, my unborn children!  
Seek with hearts made free and joyful,  
Seek with hearts crushed down with sorrows.  
Seek the treasures, Beijve's offspring!  
And one day you shall behold it."

Jubmel now set about gathering up the riches

## Jubmel's Musings

---

of aforetime. He took all the gold and silver that had shone so brightly under the loving rays of the sun-god; he took the rich milk, and the cheese, and the meat-fruit off the trees, and hid them all near the heart of his own vaja. Only he let a measure of the rich milk remain on earth, and this he hid in the udder of the female reindeer.

This task finished, the great god returned to the shining Savio-aimo. He was met by the sun-god and by Beijen-Neita, who sang a glad song of praise to the heaven-ruler for his mercy and wisdom in saving the two little earth-beings, Battje and Nanna, and in hiding the treasures that had caused mankind to forget their gods. And the daughter of the sun-god set herself to guard the still sleeping children and to help make the world once more a fair place to dwell in.

## Battje and Nanna

**O**N the holy mountain, Passevaari, watched over by the loving daughter of Beijve, the two children saved by the great Jubmel slept peacefully. Through many moon-rounds did they slumber. Meanwhile Beijen-Neita busied herself with making the earth a fair place to behold, so that when she should awake the children from their long sleep they would find flowers and fruit and singing birds to greet them.

All the wildwood animals, the creatures who lived in the water and in the earth, even the birds and the insects, had been made to reappear in the world. Once more did Beijve shine down from a blue heaven, and the earth was once more dry and fair to behold.

With warm and loving kisses did Beijen-Neita awake the children. They sat up and rubbed the sleep from their eyes and looked in wonder at each other. The boy spoke: "You are Nanna, from the village next to ours."

To this the girl replied: "And you are Battje. But how came we here? I only remember swimming around in the black and cold water while the storm-wind howled and the fearsome obloes made fire in the dark heavens. First I tried to hold my little sister out of the water, but then our village was swept away by the roaring



## Battje and Nanna

---

waves that came up like a wall from the valley. Then I swam about until—I can remember nothing more.”

“And I,” said Battje, “floated about on the waves. I saw people and animals drowning all around me. Meanwhile I wondered where all the water came from, and how I could find my father and mother.”

“Come, Battje, we must find our people.” Nanna rose to her feet, and hand-in-hand they set out to seek other human beings.

But Beijen-Neita, whom they could not see, hovered near them, protecting and warming them with her love. The wildwood beasts fled as the two children drew nigh. The ripe fruit and the berries glowed their brightest, and almost begged to be picked and eaten. The birds sang their cheeriest songs, and the soft winds wafted odors of numberless flowers toward the wandering children. All through the day they sought other human beings. At last evening came. Battje made a shelter of green branches, and Nanna and he slept peacefully, while the eyes of Jubmel’s gentle vaja kept loving guard over them.

Next morning they rose early and once more went forth to look for other human beings. But no sign of their kindred did they find. No curling smoke from household fires did they see, and

## Lapland Legends

---

no song of the herdsmen did they hear. That evening Nanna fell asleep with her head on Battje's bosom. There were tears on her cheeks, and she sobbed in her sleep. Many days did they wander, but no human beings did they find.

During twelve moon-rounds they kept wandering thus together. Then, one day, Battje said: "Of many things have I been thinking. It is best, meseems, to go by different paths; we must seek in opposite directions. You, Nanna, might go toward the south for six moon-rounds—go toward the warm sunshine. I will take the path toward the north. Thus we will walk away from each other during six moon-rounds, seeking our kin. If we do not find human beings, we will turn back and retrace our steps; and we will meet here after twelve moon-rounds. Yonder twin birches, where the eyes of Jubmel's vasa shine down between the trees, shall be our trysting-place. If I come first, I will wait here for three days; then, if you are not here at the end of those days, I will again set forth. What think you, Nanna?"

Gladly did she agree to this plan. And now they parted. Each wandered alone, seeking human beings. Then, after six moons, they retraced their steps. Battje came first to the meeting-place. His heart was sad, for no human being had he seen since he parted with the girl,

## Battje and Nanna

---

twelve moon-rounds gone. He cast himself on the ground and wept. Thus Nanna found him, and he forgot part of his sorrow. They rested by the twin birches for three days and related to each other the sights they had seen.

Now Nanna thought it best that they part again; she would go toward the rising sun, while Battje set his steps toward the place where Beijve sinks each night to his rest. Again they were to wander away from each other for six moon-rounds; then, unless they had found other human beings, they were to turn back and meet by the twin birches.

Six moons saw them wander toward the east and the west. Again they turned back. Once more Battje came first to the place where they were to meet. But this time Beijen-Neita had gone to her father and asked him to aid her in bringing joy to these two wandering earth-children, the only ones left in the world.

This was during the spring moon. The insects were awakening and coming forth into the warm sunshine. In the soft night air moths flew about on gleaming wings. The flowers gave forth their fragrance. The birds were decked in their brightest plumage and sang their sweetest songs. All the wildwood creatures were in search of their own kind. All things in nature were athrob with an instinct of fruitfulness.

## Lapland Legends

---

Thus did Beijen-Neita implore her father.

“Fairest Beijve, see your daughter,  
Sad of heart, her kindred seeking,  
Roaming over new-made earth-lands.  
Will not sorrow overwhelm her  
If her search is not rewarded?  
She alone, and sturdy Battje—  
Your own son, my heaven-father—  
Now are left to hopeless wanderings.  
Lo! how Battje, like a young stag,  
Proudly seeks the windy uplands,  
Fleeing from the comely maiden  
And the thoughts her presence fosters.  
Ease their unrest, golden sun-god!  
Give them love, this throbbing spring-tide.”

Beijen-Neita was told by her father to let a heavy sleep fall upon Battje and Nanna. In this sleep they were made to forget about each other; therefore, when the tall fair maiden came walking toward him, Battje cried: “Heaven be praised! At last I have found another human being.” He had grown into full manhood during the twelve past moon-rounds; and Nanna had grown into a comely maiden, fair, strong, and fearless. Coming to meet her she saw a dark-haired youth with flashing eyes and upright bearing. With a glad smile she said: “At last, I have found a human being!”

## Battje and Nanna

---

A strange joy filled Battje as he beheld the maiden who looked at him with such a glad light in her eyes. Nanna was rosy like Beijve's morning sky; she was also softly white, like the foam of the mountain torrent. Her hair was the color of the amber cast up by salty sea-waves. Battje spoke:

"Fairest maid, my heart is heavy.  
My heart is heavy. My thoughts are straying.  
Strange and fearsome are the fancies  
That disturb my waking senses.  
Lo, my heart like water flowing—  
Calm by turns, then swiftly muddled  
By a storm-wind sent from somewhere—  
From a source not known to Battje.

"Fairest maiden, know my spirit  
Is cast down and ill and gloomy;  
All my days filled with unquiet.  
But my path leads to the highlands!  
I will seek the lofty mountains;  
There in solitude I'll wander,  
Listening to the gentle heart-beats  
Of great Jubmel's holy vaja,  
Throbbing through the mighty stillness.  
I'll forget the bitter longings  
And the thoughts my heart has fostered—  
Heavy, darkling thoughts of sadness."

## Lapland Legends

---

Battje and Nanna thought they had each found the other human being whom they had been seeking through more than thrice twelve moon-rounds while they had wandered up and down over the earth. Happily they sat under the twin birches, gazing upon each other and speaking of many things. They told each other of the joy that leaped into their hearts as the eyes of each beheld another being of their own kind. Many strange moods and fancies were stirred in their bosoms.

At last Beijve slipped into his golden cloud-curtained bed in the red west. Jubmel's stars twinkled in the blue night and kept watch over the two human beings; and through the love-magic of Beijen-Neita, they were this night drawn into each other's arms to find peace and fulfillment for all their troubled thoughts and longings.

Next morning they set out, hand in hand, in search of a dwelling-place. Battje called his new-found bride "Ma-Natjam," which in the soft Sameh tongue means "My beloved."

These two human beings became the parents of the new race.



## Beijen-Neita and the Bear-man

**U**NDER the loving care and guardianship of Beijen-Neita, and with Beijve's warm sunshine to light and gladden them, the new race of human beings increased and dwelled contented in the new world. But now they were driven to struggle to win a living off the earth; for it no longer yielded the riches of the first good days before Jubmel had overturned the world.

At the time when Battje and Nanna wandered over the earth seeking other human beings, Beijen-Neita had pleaded with her father to be allowed to return to earth and remain among her people to teach them the crafts that had been known in the first days, before all mankind had been destroyed. The new people had not heard of the loving god who beamed down upon them, warming and gladdening their days with his golden sunshine; nor had they heard of Jubmel, and how he had shaped the world from the body of his little vaja. For when Beijen-Neita caused the deep slumber of forgetfulness to fall over Battje and Nanna, they had also forgotten the things which they had heard as little children about the gods.

Therefore the sun-god's daughter had sought her father and pleaded with him thus: "Most high heaven-lighter, behold your earth-children.



## Lapland Legends

---

See how they wander in the wildwood, and how, like the four-footed beasts, they dwell in caves and crevices of the mountains. They have no knowledge of the gods, of Jubmel and the shining Beijve, nor any skill in the fashioning of tools and garments. The art of taming the wild deer is unknown to them; and they have never heard of the great treasures hidden near the heart of Jubmel's vaja. Therefore, most high heaven-father, let me go down to the earth-children and live among them and teach them how to fashion snug shelters and warm garments for their naked bodies, so that they may become skilled in the crafts that will make their earthly life easier to bear. Dear father, I long to teach them how to make offerings of gratitude to the high gods for the gifts still left for mankind to enjoy."

Beijve spoke thus to his daughter: "Truly speaks Beijen-Neita. No longer do the odors of the burnt-offerings rise to heaven, and no longer do our earth-children sing the sacred joujkems. You, my well-beloved daughter, may return to the world of the human beings, to be near them, sometimes seen and sometimes unseen, but always watching over them and leading them into ways of goodness and humility."

Now, among the new race there was a man

## The Bear-man

---

who had once slain a large and powerful bear, and this man had taken the bearskin for a cover for his own body; he had also taken the lair of the slain animal for his dwelling; and he even had the strange power to take at will the shape of a bear.

At the time when Jubmel turned the world upside down and destroyed all mankind, this man was feeding on berries at the foot of Passevaari; and on that day he was in his bear-shape. He heard a loud roaring coming up from the valley; and, looking about, he beheld a huge black wave of water coming toward him. Frightened, the bear-man ran high up on the sacred mountain; and seeing a cave far up its flank, he crawled inside, panting, and glad to be saved from destruction. Sleep came over him, and he slept for many moon-rounds, never knowing that all things on the earth had been destroyed.

After his long sleep the bear-man seldom changed his form: he always felt safer in his animal shape. Several sun-rounds had passed, and the bear-man had almost forgotten that he was a human being. Then, one summer day when he was seeking wild honey in the forest, he came upon a woman asleep under a tree. She was uncommonly fair to look upon; and the bear-man stooped down, took her in his paws, and, while she slept on, carried her to his lair. Now for the

## Lapland Legends

---

first time in many years he changed himself back into human form. The woman slept on; but after a space of time he softly awoke her. She sat up and looked about the lair; and she saw the bear-man and smiled upon him, unafraid. Her golden fairness caused him to wonder about her and to desire her for his wife. They became as one, and for many moon-rounds she tarried with him, and taught him many desirable things. For the wife of the bear-man was none other than Beijen-Neita, although the man did not know that his wife was the daughter of the sun-god. He was taught to make offerings to the high gods, and to tame the wild deer; and they made themselves garments from the cured hides of the tamed animals, as well as a snug tent.

They dwelled not far from the viste of Battje and Nanna; and to these two Beijen-Neita also taught the same useful things. Then, in due time, his wife gave the bear-man a son. While pouring the sacred water over his son's head, the bear-man sang this song:

“Praise I sing to golden Beijve,  
To the gods in Savio-aimo—  
Praise to them for gifts bestowed.  
Lo! my son is young and tiny,  
Like the frail and tender sapling  
Of a birch upon the hillside—

## The Bear-man

---

Son of homeless maiden, sleeping  
In the deep and gloomy forest  
What am I to name our offspring?  
What good name to give the sapling?  
His fair mother I found sleeping  
'Neath a fir-tree in the woodlands:  
To my lair I quietly bore her.  
Therefore shall our son be Sameh,  
Meaning 'Born-of-Homeless-Maiden'—  
Goodly gift to joyful bear-man,  
Heart's delight and hardship-sharer.

"Lo! our son shall thrive and one day,  
He'll be hailed as great forefather  
Of the sun-god's happy children,  
Who shall guard the golden treasures,  
Hid for them by loving Jubmel."

Thus sang the bear-man while he laved his tiny son in the sacred water as Beijen-Neita had taught him. The child grew rapidly, and was told by his mother how Jubmel had made the world and how the first human beings had been destroyed after evil had come upon earth.

Sameh was also taught how to hunt and fish and care for the tamed herds of reindeer, and how to make offerings to the gods from the fattest parts of the slain animals. His mother also sang to him the sacred songs and the joujkem in

## Lapland Legends

---

which it was promised to the sun-children that the hidden treasures should be found. All these things the young Sameh stored in his head.

## Attjis-ene Tries To Destroy Sameh

**A**TTJIS-ENE had once more returned to earth; she came, as always, at nightfall. There still seethed in her evil heart the same black hatred for Njavvis-ene, who had become Beijen-Neita and was now the wife of the bear-man. But when the moon-god's daughter learned that a son had been born to the bear-man her anger was boundless. Into a dark, damp cave she crawled to ponder upon means whereby she could destroy the young Sameh. At last she had a plan ready.

One day the youth set out alone to hunt the wild deer. He stayed away from the viste longer than usual, because the evil Skamotes had deluded him into wandering farther into the forest than ever before. Meanwhile the moon-god's daughter set her wicked plan to work.

She hurried down to the lake and scooped up some wet clay. From this she shaped an image so nearly like the young Sameh that even his own mother could not tell them apart. With evil magic and black-art words she brought life into this being. In his heart she planted deceit and hatred; then she spoke to her clay son: "Go to the viste of the bear-man and his wife; for I have willed destruction to their son Sameh, and he is doomed to perish on the mountain-slope."

Then, with her dark-world gan-words Ska-

## Lapland Legends

---

motes called forth gale-winds to sweep over the mountain-side and through the forest where the youth was hunting. With unclean words she called upon the North Wind to come laden with stinging, icy snow to destroy the fearless Sameh. The winds tore at his garments and tried to numb his limbs and blind his eyes and hurl him down the steep cliffs. But the fury of the wind had no power over the lithe and warm-blooded youth. He quickly made himself a snow-cave, in which he calmly waited for the storm to pass over. While he waited, he fell asleep.

Meanwhile the false, magic-made Sameh had reached the viste of the bear-man. He was met by Beijen-Neita, who thought him to be her own son. She gave him a place by the fire and freshly prepared food, and she looked upon him as the real Sameh. All the while the clay son smiled in unholy glee at the ease with which he had carried out his maker's bidding.

But Skamotes and the clay Sameh did not know that the son of Beijen-Neita had saved himself in a snow-cave. When he had slept through the storm, he woke up refreshed and set out for the viste of his parents.

When he entered and saw another sitting in his own place and looking so much like himself that his parents had taken this creature for their son, the real Sameh thought that all this must



## The Young Sameh

---

be an evil dream. He had paused by the tent opening with a slain wild deer flung over his shoulders, gazing in awe upon this double of himself whose speech and bearing were his own, the real Sameh's.

With shaking voice the son of the bear-man spoke:

"Evil spirits fool my senses,  
Or am I by gods deluded?  
Am I Sameh, or is this one  
The true son of you good people,  
And am I myself some stranger?"

"Long I wandered in the forest,  
Hunted on the lonely mountains,  
Met the sons of Bjeggogalles,  
Who came bitter-cold and stinging.  
But I scooped from towering snowdrifts  
A warm hollow, crept inside it,  
Laid me down to sleep—and mayhap  
Dreams my senses are beclouding."

With a fierce frown Sameh turned to the clay shape that sat in his place by the fire and asked:

"Who are you? I crave to know you.  
Name your father, name your mother,  
Name the place that held your cradle,  
Tell me all! My heart is trembling,

## Lapland Legends

---

And my thoughts like swirling waters  
Numb and chill my youthful marrow.  
I must know your name or perish!"

To this the clay Sameh replied in a voice the same as the young hunter's: "Sameh am I called; yonder sits the author of my being." He pointed to the bear-man, who sat nodding by the fire. Then he turned to Beijen-Neita. "And this woman suckled me as I lay a tiny child in her arms."

Now both Sameh and his mother thought evil dreams were tricking them. But quickly Beijen-Neita thought of her shining father; and to him she raised her voice and asked him to clear her eyes so that she might see which one was her son and which one was the trickster.

No sooner had Beijve heard his daughter's cry than he let his most powerful rays of light shine down into the tent. This light fell upon the two youths. But so cunningly had Skamotes fashioned her clay creature that neither Beijen-Neita nor her mate could tell the two apart.

In sorrow did Beijve withdraw his shining face. He went to his father, and to him he bewailed his failure to aid his daughter and the real Sameh.

Seething with holy wrath, Jubmel stepped down from his heaven-home. He came with quick, heavy strides which caused the earth to

## The Young Sameh

---

tremble beneath his feet, and his obloes flashed angrily about him and made the earth-born beings hide their faces in fear. A strong wind did he call forth from the sea, and this wind carried away the whole viste. A heavy rain fell where the two Samehs stood. In fear did the clay creature try to hide beneath some sheets of bark; but Jubmel's angry wind carried these away, too. Soon Beijen-Neita saw who was her son; for he fearlessly let the rain flow over him in drenching torrents while the magic-made creature sent by Skamotes quickly began to soften and become nothing but a shapeless mass of trembling clay.

Now the happy Beijen-Neita raised her voice in praise to the high gods:

"Praise I sing to highest Jubmel,  
Praise I sing to golden Beijve,  
To the gods in Savio-aimo.  
No more is my soul deluded  
By Skamotes' wicked magic.  
Doubts no longer tear my heart-roots.  
Now I know my son, fair Sameh.  
Rightly was he named, our offspring!  
Brave, carefree, the sun-bright stripling  
Shall keep guard o'er Beijve's sun-hoard."

Long they dwelled in contentment. Meanwhile Sameh became even wiser and stronger

## Lapland Legends

---

than his father. But one day the bear-man took on his bear-shape, as of yore, and set out hunting alone. This time he was mistaken for a real thick-pelt and killed by Battje and his eldest son, who were also out hunting. By this time Battje and Nanna were the parents of a large brood of sturdy sons and daughters. The son helped his father to skin the bear, and they were just about ready to put some of the bear-meat into the cooking-pot when Sameh came and saw that they had slain his own father instead of a real honey-paw.

A great sorrow now fell upon Sameh, and he went home to his mother and told her of his father's death. But she, in her wisdom and goodness, knew that Battje and his son were blameless, and she spoke wise words of consolation to her son. Then she went to a corner of the tent and brought to her son a tiny girl-child. She had kept this little creature hidden from her mate, fearing that he would become angry because it was not a man-child like his first-born. With a tear-bright smile Beijen-Neita laid this little sister in Sameh's arms. Suddenly his grief over his father's death seemed to grow less. But no longer could he find joy in the hunting of the wildwood creatures. Instead, he gave all his time and care to the taming and herding of the wild deer.

## The Young Sameh

---

When Sameh's sister had reached the age to wed, she was sought by the youngest son of Battje, whose only grief was that his own father had killed the bear-man and made the maiden fatherless. Meanwhile, Sameh already had children of his own; for soon after his father's death he had married one of Battje's daughters.

Once more Beijen-Neita returned to her heaven-world. But first she promised her children that in times of sorrow and great need she would come to them and live with them in human form, to teach them new and useful things.

All this while Skamotes had not been idle. She had sent the cruel wolves to kill and harass the tamed herds. But Beijen-Neita gave the dog to her earth-children to be a faithful friend. This four-footed servant helped to keep the herds together and watch out for his enemy, the hated wolf. The dog's reward was to be only a few morsels of food, a bone to gnaw, and a place at his master's feet.

## The Birth of Nischergurgje

**B**RIGHTLY gleamed Beijve on Nalo,  
Warmly he shone upon Niras,  
Beamed upon Porrha and Staika;  
Showered his gold on the mountains,  
Shimmered on snow-slope and ice-peak—  
Best-beloved son of great Jubmel.

The darkness was born by Ruotta,\*  
Ruler in fearsome Rotaimo;  
Born in the mist-hung beginning.  
Closely it clung to the earth-lands,  
Tarried in crevice and valley,  
Hovered about Attjis-ene  
As she came stealthily threading  
Her path, marked by evil and cunning.

Jubmel, the ruler of all things,  
Creator, and father of Beijve,  
He sent down light o'er the earth-lands,  
Brought by the well-beloved sun-god.  
First came the light on the mountains;  
Warmly smiled Beijve, the all-good,  
And scatter'd his gold on the snow-slopes;  
Joy did he give to his children,  
Born to the light and the freedom  
And guarded by fair Beijen-Neita,  
Daughter herself of the sun-god.

\* Ruotta. Also Rota. (See Fig. 43 of drum.)

## The Birth of Nischergurgje

---

She to the treasures shall lead them—  
The treasures hidden by Jubmel  
Close to the heart of his vaja;  
Buried deep down in the mid-earth,  
Safe for the children of Sameh.

This is the ancient song of the Sameh,  
Chanted and sung by the aged and the young-  
lings;

I heard the torrent singing it loudly,  
I heard the snow-bird twitter it gaily,  
I heard the west-wind whisper it softly.  
Then came its voices roaring and beating,  
Borne by the storm-wind down from the moun-  
tains,

And echoed like thundering heard in the valley:  
*"Fire was born in the snowdrift.*

*Life sprang to being from dead things."*

Aijan-Jouksa† touched the mountain,  
Beijve warmed the highest snow-peaks,  
And the drifts grew soft and rosy.  
Then came Jubmel, lord of all things,  
And from snow, a single handful,  
Shaped the shaman, Nischergurgje;  
Gave him some of spring-tide's ardor,  
Gave him, too, the snow-peak's coldness,  
Sharpness of the forkèd lightning.

† Aijan-Jouksa. Means both the rainbow and the flashes of the lightning. The rainbow is also called "Great Father's Bow."



## Lapland Legends

---

Beijve's glances and his thinking  
Had he, and the sun-god's clearness;  
And the earth her hidden secrets  
Gladly yielded to the shaman.

Jubmel's shaman, Nischergurgje,  
Learned the secrets of the foxes.  
His the strength of Kassa-Moudda‡  
As he dashes through the snow-drifts,  
Sweeping down before him all things.  
He could outrun Attjis-ene's  
Fleet-of-foot and snarling gray wolves  
As they skimmed the dreary hillsides.  
And he knew the golden treasures  
Hidden by his heaven-father  
Near the heart of his fair vaja.  
Shaman's craft and Kobdas'§ magic  
In his hoary head he carried.  
His the secrets of the forests,  
He the sacred Kobdas fashioned;  
Made its signs for Sameh's people  
To be blessings, joy, and comfort  
To them, as they roamed the earth-lands,  
Yearning for the days of plenty  
And the days when Jubmel's treasures  
Would once more their hearts make gladder.

‡ Kassa-Moudda. The bear; also called "Thick-pelt," "Honey-Paw," "the Old Man of the Forest," etc.

§ Kobdas. The Lapp divining-drum, corresponding to the Sampo mentioned in Kalevala, the Finnish epic.

## The Birth of Nischergurgje

---

Thus the mighty shaman wandered  
Solitary on the mountains,  
Warmed in day-time by fair Beijve;  
Jubmel's bright stars watched his slumber.  
Clear-eyed, powerful, and swift-footed,  
Lonely, kinless, wisdom-laden,  
Ever upward ran his pathway.  
Toward Sameh's care-free people,  
Each day closer came the shaman.

Jubmel spoke thus, to Beijve, the sun-god:  
"A promise once I gave to my own self,  
To let my children be led to the treasures  
Which I hid so close to the heart of my vaja.

"Grieved was my heart when afar they wandered,

My children, forgetting both Jubmel and Beijve;  
Therefore I'll send my shaman to Sameh.  
He shall with chanting and magic and drum-  
beats

Gather my earthlings and give them the tidings  
Of days yet to be, of joy and abundance,  
Of good days to be, when once more the sun-god  
Gladly shall shine on the long-hidden treasures."

As the shaman roamed the mountains,  
On his ear fell Jubmel's bidding:  
"I command you, Nischergurgje,  
Seek my straying Sameh-children,

## Lapland Legends

---

On my hillsides, in my forests.  
Sing the old songs, beat your Kobdas,  
Let it like a mighty spring-flood  
Inundate the slopes and valleys.  
As a storm-wind from the highlands,  
As my thunder in the lowlands,  
You shall be to evil-doers.  
But to Beijve's straying people  
You must teach the Kobdas' magic  
And the songs about my treasures,  
Near the heart of my dear vaja  
Waiting safe for Sameh-people."

## Skamotes Meets the Shaman

**T**HE shaman, wise Nischergurgje,  
Wandered over fearsome swamp-lands  
On his way to Sameh's children.  
In his path stood vile Skamotes,  
Hateful woman from Rotaimo,  
Towering far above the shaman,  
Evil-souled, with cunning glances.  
Dire and terrible to look at  
Was the daughter of pale Mano.  
Thus she spoke to Nischergurgje:  
"Whereto leads your path, O shaman?"

Thus replied the wise old wanderer:  
"Sameh's children I am seeking,  
Beijen-Neita's life-seed offspring."

Said the cunning Attjis-ene:  
"What will you with Sameh's offspring?  
They will scorn your vaunted wisdom.  
Follow me, wise Nischergurgje.  
Let me lead you to a viste  
Where your skill shall be admired—  
Where you shall in seat of honor  
Bask before the blazing fire  
Without thought for drear to-morrow.  
But if you refuse to heed me,  
Then I will impede your progress.  
Darkling ghosts and chilling storm-winds

## Lapland Legends

---

Shall your gan-words put to challenge  
And defy your puny wisdom.  
I will cover you with snowdrifts,  
And the death-chill coming o'er you  
Shall compel your soul to hasten  
To its home in Jabmien-aimo."

But to this the shaman answered:  
"Attjis-ene, Mano's daughter,  
Evil-plotter from Rotaimo,  
Never lavished kindly council.  
Wise, you named old Nischergurgje:  
Lo! his store of wisdom also  
Does include the fearful gan-word  
That can drive you to Rotaimo—  
That can chain your evil servants,  
Rob you of your black-art magic."

One sole word the shaman uttered,  
But its potency was fearful.  
Attjis-ene tumbled headlong  
Down to hideous dark Rotaimo.  
But from there she sent her servants;  
Tearing winds and ice-cold spirits  
Flapped their black wings, roared derision:  
"Old man, can you tame the storm-gods?  
Do you know the words to pitch us  
Cowering down to Attjis-ene?"

## Skamotes and the Shaman

---

Thus replied the age-gray shaman:

"Poorly had I learned my lessons  
Knew I not the storm-wind's birth-place—  
How the sons of Bjeggogalles  
Dwell within a darksome earth-cave  
Eastward from the blessed sun gate:  
How he keeps his lusty offspring  
Safely hid in four strong skin-bags  
Firmly tied by his own hands.

"East Wind's birth was close to Altai  
By the Staiberna, and Reppe,  
Grazing on the Baikal meadows,  
Slaked his thirst from Amar's wavelets.  
But the North Wind, born at Lena  
Near the ice-sea's barren shore-sweep,  
Drank his fill from ice-cold billows.  
And the South Wind, Beijve's offspring,  
Came from gleaming Savio-aimo—  
Was the breath of Beijen-Neita,  
And the harbinger of good things.  
Born upon the sea, the West Wind  
Calls himself the eagle's brother.

"With his hammer Bjeggogalles  
Binds the winds to his obedience.  
From his earth-cave with his shovel  
Bjeggogalles thrusts his offspring,  
Sending them to roam the earth-lands,  
Warming, serving, bringing gladness."

## Lapland Legends

---

Softly Nischergurgje murmured  
Magic gan-words, made for binding  
The four wind-gods to his wishes.  
Lo! the storm-winds sighed, subsided,  
And in peace the age-wise shaman  
Now resumed his lonely journey.  
Forests, mountains, and the marsh-lands,  
Knew they each the steady footfalls  
Aiming ever for the sun-slopes  
And the Sameh-children's vistes.

Mano's daughter, Attjis-ene,  
Evil plotter, from Rotaimo  
Tried once more to balk the shaman—  
Sent a horde of night-black spirits,  
Bringing with them ice-cold, numbing  
Apparitions to destroy him.  
But the age-wise, god-made shaman  
Spoke thus to the apparitions  
And the spirits from the dark-world:  
"In Rotaimo is your birth-place;  
Born you are of fearsome Rota;  
Mano is your pale, false brother.  
Hasten back to your chill dwellings."

Trembling, filled with fear, and cowering  
As they heard the powerful gan-word,  
Vanished then the dread dark spirits;  
And the shaman once more wandered  
Undisturbed to seek the Samehs.



## Skamotes and the Shaman

---

So in vain the evil-plotter,  
Attjis-ene, tried to hinder  
Nischergurgje's weary progress;  
For the heaven-lord, great Jubmel,  
And his son the shining Beijve  
Loving guard kept o'er the shaman.

## Nischergurgje and Schlipme

**M**ANY days the shaman wandered  
Over dark and lonely marsh-lands,  
Ever seeking, pondering, dreaming,  
To increase his store of wisdom,  
Ere he faced the sun-bright people.  
One glad day his footsteps took him  
Near the dwellings of the children  
Sprung from Beijen-Neita's life-seed.

"Weary am I from my journey,"  
Said the shaman, as he hastened  
With the building of a shelter.  
Skilled hands soon had hot flames dancing  
'Neath a smoke-veil rising upward,  
And a kettle filled with pot-meat  
Hung above the roaring fire.

Schlipme, Attjis-ene's servant,  
Saw the smoke-veil wafted upward.  
Spoke this wicked black-art wielder:  
"Safe and snug the aged shaman;  
Dreams beguile him. Fall my footsteps  
Light as foam as I approach him.  
I will climb yon bending pine tree  
And peer down upon the slumberer.  
While he sleeps, my black-art magic  
Shall draw forth the wise one's power  
From his head and from his sinews."

## Nischergurgje and Schlipme

---

Softly crept the wily Schlipme  
Forward to the crooked pine tree.  
From its branches, downward gazing,  
He beheld the aged shaman  
Sitting quiet by the fire,  
Waiting for the pot to simmer.  
Nischergurgje, Jubmel's shaman,  
Heard a creaking of the branches—  
Looked above him—stared at Schlipme  
Peering from the crooked pine tree—  
Softly spoke one potent gan-word.  
Fell then from the spying monster  
All his power and all his cunning;  
From the tree vile Schlipme tumbled,  
Hurling curses at the shaman.

Spoke the aged Nischergurgje:  
"All your power is vanished from you.  
Did I draw your teeth, poor Schlipme?"

"Still I can call forth by magic  
Powerful spirits, bred by Mano,  
To destroy the boasting wanderer  
Seeking Sameh's earth-born children."  
Thus in wrath the helpless Schlipme.

"Black-art skill does not affright me,"  
Calmly answered Jubmel's shaman.  
"You shall hear again my challenge."

## Lapland Legends

---

Seething with anger, the evil shaman rose to his feet and by his dark magic caused himself to grow rapidly to great stature. In his hand he clasped a fearsome looking club made from a tall spruce tree. "Come forth, and sample my strength," he roared, swinging his club. "I will grind you into powder as fine as the snow on the hillside. Tremble before my anger and my cunning."

To this Nischergurgje only replied: "Behold what my good magic can bring about." He spoke only one origin-word; and at the sound of it he, too, began rapidly to grow taller. Greater he grew than the under-world shaman. The tallest pines in the forest barely reached to his knees, and Kebne-Kasses' highest peak only reached to his navel; his chest and shoulders were hid among the clouds: his chin touched the moon, and his fearless eyes were close to the sun.

"Once more you took my strength from me," cried Schlipme in fear.

Then they both changed themselves into two dreadful storm-clouds. In these shapes they rushed at each other; and as they closed in fierce combat the earth trembled and a mighty roaring was heard; black was the sky, and Beijve hid his face.

Now Nischergurgje called out aloud the name of the most high god in the light-world. There

## Nischergurgje and Schlipme

---

came rushing out of the sky a blinding flash of light; and the cloud-shape of Schlipme crumpled and fell to the earth.

"Again you took my power from me," cried the wicked shaman.

Now once more, this time in the shapes of two huge reindeer bulls, did they battle over the frozen snow on the hillside. It was a fearful trial of strength and endurance. The whole forest echoed with the loud clashings of their antlers, and the tramping of their hoofs made the earth quiver.

At last, seemingly too weak to do battle any longer, Attjis-ene's servant fell to the ground and quickly turned himself into a great writhing serpent with poisonous fangs bared. Not to be outwitted, Nischergurgje also took the shape of a serpent. Once more they tried their skill and cunning against each other; they twined and they twisted, each trying to crush the other. Their angry hissing could be heard far off, and their venom-dripping fangs were fearful to see.

Suddenly Schlipme stretched himself out on the ground and lay as one dead. But in the twinkling of an eye he had shaped himself into a mighty bird. In wide circles he soared above the good shaman, who still retained his serpent shape.

Seeing his enemy's cunning, Nischergurgje

## Lapland Legends

---

now took the form of an eagle. Wrathfully he rose into the air, and in swift flight he overtook Schlipme, sank his claws into his back, brought him down to earth.

Powerless and bleeding, the evil shaman murmured, "All my power you took from me." Down to the dark-world, down to chill Rotaimo, he sank; and Nischergurgje, left in peace, could set out once more for the dwellings of the Sameh-children.

## Nischergurgje and His Magic Drum

**T**O his shaman, Nischergurgje,  
Jubmel gave the magic Kobdas.  
This it is that foretells all things;  
Power it has to guide, to forewarn  
Sameh-sons in days of danger.

From a tree by Jubmel's obloe  
Shattered was the Kobdas' framework;  
Skin from golden Beijve's reindeer  
Was the drum-head; and upon it  
Signs of magic traced the shaman.  
Then with hammer-beats and Arpa||  
Jubmel's shaman tried the Kobdas.  
But the drum was strangely soundless  
Until Tonto, all-wise spirit,  
Came to dwell within the Kobdas;  
Knowing all, and all revealing,  
Tonto led the cunning Arpa  
Flitting o'er the potent markings  
Traced in blood by Jubmel's shaman.  
Thus the Kobdas first was fashioned.

Nischergurgje, god-made, kindly,  
Came in times when evil flourished;

|| Arpa. The indicator or pointer used by the shaman when the Kobdas or divining-drum is beaten. The Arpa is laid on the sun-sign, in the center of the drum; with the hammer the drum is gently beaten, and the Arpa is caused to flit over the drum.



## Lapland Legends

---

Came one day to Sameh-children,  
Gray, and filled with Jubmel's wisdom,  
Beating on the sacred Kobdas. . . .

Down the mountain-side slowly came the shaman. He was stately, tall, gray-bearded, and decked in the garb of his calling, such as Jubmel had bidden him fashion for himself. His garments were made from the softest skins of the rare and sacred white reindeer; around his middle was the belt of his craft, which also ran across his chest and over his left shoulder; from a chain about his right-hand wrist hung the little hammer with which the sacred drum was beaten. The Kobdas he carried in his left hand. On his feet were soft-soled shoes. He had bathed in many running waters, and his garments were spotless.

Thus he came down from the lofty mountains and the everlasting snow-peaks that had seen his creation. From out of the valley he saw smoke-wisps curling upward, and he knew that he was at the end of his long journey. With a father's joy in his children's comfort, he noted the snug home-sites of the Sameh-people. He listened to the murmurings of the forest and to the song of the rapids rushing down into the valley, seeking their way to the sea. He rejoiced in the golden sunshine which lay like a blessing over the

## The Magic Drum

---

peaceful vistes. The loud song of a herder of reindeer and the glad barking of his dog caused the shaman to say:

“Surely, here the sons of Beijve  
Dwell in happy homes, and care-free  
Rise their songs to highest heaven,  
Telling Jubmel and the sun-god  
That their earth-born children gladly  
Lift their voices in thanksgiving  
To the gods and Beijen-Neita.”

Quickening his steps, the shaman went down into the valley. At the first viste he entered he was made welcome like a father and seated in the place of honor, away from the draught and on the softest reindeer hides, piled high for his comfort. The choicest meat from a newly slaughtered reindeer was dipped out of the cooking-pot for his welcome-meal.

Warmed and fed and rested, with the eager Sameh-people gathered about him Nischer-gurgje gave the sacred chants and sang the old songs of the days when all things were new, and of how Jubmel had made the world. He sang of the good days when gold and silver stones and rocks gleamed beneath the rays of the sun-god. He related how the great god, in wrath, had destroyed all mankind because they had given heed to Attjis-ene's evil promptings. He also

## Lapland Legends

---

sang the song of how the heaven-father had given to his own holy self the promise that some day his earth-born children should once more be led to abundance and joy, and how he had buried the early-day riches safely for them in the midmost earth, near the holy vaja's heart.

Next he showed them the signs upon the Kob-das and let the golden hammer softly tap its wooden frame. The Arpa was placed upon Beijve's own sign, and, beating upon the drum, the shaman sang a holy song.

Then the great and age-wise shaman  
Gave the words of Power and Binding  
To the sun-god's eager people;  
Taught the meaning of the symbols  
On the sacred drum-head painted  
Ere he came to peaceful Sameh,  
While he wandered on the mountains  
Face to face with golden Beijve,  
And from him and Beijen-Neita  
Learned good magic and great gan-words.

With patience and kindness he told them what the flitting of the Arpa meant. In deepest awe they listened and learned. He told them also how the great gods had commanded him to go to the Sameh-people and to teach them all the wisdom he had stored in his head during his wanderings over lonely paths and through fear-

## The Magic Drum

---

some dark forests. He told them how he had learned all the habits of the wildwood beasts during his wanderings. He taught them what gan-word to use when they saw the gray wolf pursuing the reindeer—a word that would stop the wolf's running—and he gave them the word that would turn the cunning fox away from a covey of ptarmigan; owl and falcon and strong-winged eagle were alike powerless after the magic word had been spoken.

He also related how Skamotes had tried to hinder his own coming to the Sameh-sons, and how she had sent evil spirits to destroy him. He also related his meeting with Schlipme.

Deeply stirred and filled with awe and thanksgiving to the gods, the people listened to the shaman's tales. In his coming they saw the loving care of the gods. They raised their voices in gratitude; their song and the beating of the Kobdas rose to heaven. But it also reached the dark-world and the dread dwelling of Skamotes. All the ghosts in Rotaimo began to howl and clamor to be set free and spread their evil among the people of the earth. In powerless rage they tramped up and down, for they knew the power of the holy songs and the beating of the Kobdas. From these sounds they must always flee; and the roll of the sacred drum caused Attjis-ene to gnash her teeth and cower in helpless rage.

## Lapland Legends

---

Thus, through many happy sun-rounds,  
Tarried Jubmel's mighty shaman  
With fair Beijen-Neita's children.  
All his magic did he teach them,  
All the gan-words and the power-words,  
How to make their gifts to Beijve.  
And he taught the blushing maidens  
How to pray to Beijen-Neita  
So they would be happy mothers  
When a mate in love embraced them;  
Taught them, too, how Viros-Akka,  
Green-clad goddess of the forest,  
Helped them if to her they offered  
Wildwood flowers and juicy berries;  
How the fearsome gray wolf cowered  
At her feet, and Kassa-Moudda  
Licked her hand in silent homage  
And forbore to rend the reindeer  
Of the sun-bright Sameh-people.

Then the wise old shaman chanted  
Holy songs from Savio-aimo,  
Shining home of Beijve's children  
When their earthly days are counted  
And their ever-yearning spirits  
Seek the bliss-world and the gladness  
Close to shining Beijen-Neita,  
Who was once their earthly mother.

## The Magic Drum

---

Thus the god-made Nischergurgje,  
By the magic of his Kobdas,  
Drew the people to each other,  
Taught them all the age-old wisdom;  
Sang the songs of Beijve's sun-hoard  
And of days when Beijen-Neita  
Shall once more walk in the earth-lands,  
There again to teach her children  
All her crafts, the light-world's wisdom.

To the children of good Sameh  
Nischergurgje gave the gan-words,  
Words of Power, Beginnings, Binding.  
Taught them magic songs of healing,  
And the joujkems, and the prayers  
To great Jubmel and fair Beijve.

By the power of the Tonto  
And the flitting of the Arpa  
Sameh-children knew when gray-side  
Or the thick-pelt, Kassa-Moudda,  
Would harass the grazing reindeer.  
By the power and the wisdom  
Of the all-wise Kobdas spirit  
Sent by Jubmel to the shaman,  
Travellers were told of danger,  
Herders warned of Korm and gan-fly;  
Knew when Bjeggogalles' storm-winds  
Were let loose to smite and ravish;

## Lapland Legends

---

Knew when friend or foe was going  
Down to shady Jabmien-aimo.  
Best of all, the holy Kobdas  
Could drive off the dark-world beings  
Sent by Attjis-ene's shaman  
To disturb the sun-bright children,  
Beijen-Neita's earth-born offspring.



## Nischergurgje and Kallo

**F**AIREST of the sons of Sameh  
Was old Sjoibmas' comely offspring.  
Kallo was a full hand taller  
Than the tallest of the younglings.  
Broad of shoulder, narrow-hipped, he;  
Fleet of foot, and strong of sinew,  
Fearless, clear-eyed, skilled in hunting,  
Skilled in fishing and in woodcraft.

One day on the forest pathway,  
Nischergurgje met the youngling  
With a wild deer, slain in hunting,  
Slung across his sturdy shoulders.  
"Greetings, Kallo," spoke the shaman,  
"You who 'midst the maidens wander  
Like a young deer 'mongst the vajas;  
You who of the swains are strongest,  
Tallest, fairest, keenest, bravest.

"Time is fleeting, and the shaman  
Feels his age in back and hinges.  
Lonely have I lived, fair Kallo;  
Wife and offspring never had I,  
Father's joy I never tasted,  
Lonely shall I one day wander  
Far, to strange and unknown people,  
Once again to beat the Kobdas,  
Once again to sing the joujkems,  
Teach the gan-words and the magic,

## Lapland Legends

---

Tell my tales of golden Beijve  
And his loving heaven-father.  
None shall miss the wandering shaman;  
Mate and kin shall not, lamenting,  
Go about with grief, and languish  
When I seek the lonely pathways,  
With my back to Sameh's children.

"Still, the aged Nischergurgje  
Carries much of Jubmel's wisdom  
In his head, and would impart it  
To the sons of Beijen-Neita,  
To be passed by age-gray fathers  
To their sons as holy treasures.

"You are fearless, young, and comely;  
As my son I would regard you,  
Teach you all my shaman's wisdom,  
Teach you all the magic rune-lore;  
All my power I would lay on you,  
And the blessings of great Jubmel,  
Who from snow and sunshine made me."

Thus the wise and age-gray shaman,  
Bidding Kallo heed his teachings.  
Three long sun-rounds Kallo labored  
In the viste of the shaman;  
Learned the primal words, the gan-words,  
Learned to do the high god's bidding.

## Nischergurgje and Kallo

---

Last, he learned to read the Kobdas  
And to change his shape to serpent,  
Bird, or fish, or powerful reindeer.  
Thus the hoary age-wise shaman  
Passed his wisdom to fair Kallo.

Once more spoke old Nischergurgje,  
To the comely, youthful Kallo:  
"Spirit-kin of age-worn shaman,  
Sent to me by Beijve's love-gaze  
And my heart's most ardent craving,  
All I know of Jubmel's wisdom,  
All I learned in lonely wanderings,  
Have I taught you, as a father  
Passes all his life-gained wisdom  
To his best-loved, his first-born.  
Fair you grew, and strong, and stately:  
I have seen your knowledge growing;  
Thrice twelve blessed moon-rounds saw you  
Dwell content in shaman's viste,  
Learning runes and sacred wisdom,  
Learning Kobdas' holy meaning,  
Learning songs to sing to Sameh's  
Sun-bright sons, fair Beijve's offspring.

"Time is fleeting. Nischergurgje  
Soon must go his lonely journey  
Over silent snow-decked mountains  
Into whispering night-dark forests,

## Lapland Legends

---

Pass through dreary swamps and lowlands,  
Seeking others who may hearken  
To old Nischergurgje's teachings;  
But to you, fair Kallo, gladly  
I shall give the sacred Kobdas.  
Kindly Tonto dwells within it,  
Sworn to aid and foster good things:  
Therefore heed his friendly counsel;  
Kobdas gives both power and wisdom  
To the aged shaman's soul-child."

Thus he spoke, the god-made shaman,  
While within his heart young Kallo  
Heard the voice of mighty Jubmel:  
*"You are called to guide my people,  
Give your best, give hope and comfort,  
To fair Beijve's earth-born offspring.  
But you must in humble spirit  
Bow your head to high God's willing."*

Kallo took the sacred Kobdas  
From great Jubmel's holy shaman,  
As a gift from Savio-aimo,  
As a help in days of darkness,  
And a sign to Sameh's people  
Of the high gods' love and wardship  
And their guidance to the treasures  
Near the heart of Jubmel's vaja.

## Nischergurgje's Departure

**P**OWERFUL and great was the age-wise shaman;

Deep was his knowledge; his teachings were honored

By father and son, and by son and his offspring.

All by the shaman's wisdom did profit,

Lightening the hard years. Through famine and darkness

Glowed the wise sayings of old Nischergurgje;

Signs of the Kobdas, to children of Sameh,

Showed how, through hardship and trials without number,

They would be led to the great golden treasures

Hidden by Jubmel deep in the mid-earth

Close to the loving heart of his vaja.

The shaman's teachings, once given to Kallo,

Were honored, and aided the children of Beijve

Down through the ages of wanderings and hardship.

Spirit of Tonto, who dwells in the Kobdas,

Whispered to Sameh the gan-words, the power-words;

Gave them the magic to ward off the cunning

And wickedness plotted by vile Attjis-ene.

Gave them the power over gray wolf and thick-pelt;

## Lapland Legends

---

Gave them the power to outwit the spirits  
Sent by pale Mano to harass and sicken  
And to drag mankind to dark Jabmien-aimo.

As a wind on lonely uplands  
Comes and passes unrecorded;  
As the gentle loving heart-beats  
Of great Jubmel's holy vaja  
Tremble through the silent wildwood  
From a source unseen by mortals;  
As the gray clouds drift and billow  
And at last resolve and vanish—  
So came aged Nischergurgje,  
Borne by sunshine on the snow-peaks;  
So he passed, like slanting sun-rays  
Slipping down the snow-decked mountains.

But once more to sun-bright Sameh  
Shall he come, the wise one, bearing  
Sacred Kobdas; and with wisdom  
Shall he lead the sun-god's children  
To the treasures hid in mid-earth  
Near the heart of Jubmel's vaja.  
Then once more shall days of plenty  
Gladden Beijen-Neita's offspring,  
And the sun-god's shining daughter  
Shall again walk in the earth-lands,  
Share their joy, and once more teach them  
How to offer thanks to Jubmel  
And her father, golden Beijve.

## The Story about Torajas and Karkias

**F**AR back in the ages when the woodcock was white and the blackbird was gray, there lived in Sameh-land two mighty shamans; one was named Torajas, the other was called Karkias. Each had his large tract of land for hunting-ground and for the grazing of his reindeer; a large lake lay between their holdings. Both were of Beijen-Neita's and the bear-man's offspring.

Karkias, as well as Torajas, had been in training with older shamans. Although they did not have the great Nischergurgje's wisdom, still Tonto, the spirit of the drum, had given them his power, and many were the gan-words and the origin-words which they knew. Invisibly, like the storm-wind, they could race through the air and fly like the dipping and soaring eagle; their bodies could take the shape of the sly serpent and crawl into the earth and learn its darkest secrets. They could become fleet-footed stags and skim over the snow-slopes; they could, by their Kobdas' magic, ward off all sickness sent by the Jabmekars\* from Jabmien-aimo.

\* Jabmekar. The Lapp term for the human soul after death. A Jabmek is a temporary dweller in Jabmien-aimo, where he is still busy, in a shadowy world, with all his earthly tasks. If a Jabmek has a longing for any one of his friends on earth, that person will become ill and soon die.



## Lapland Legends

---

Torajas had his viste on the north shore of the lake; Karkias dwelt on the south shore. Torajas had on his drum the good signs which Nischergurgje had taught the Sameh-children to use, but he also had some evil signs learned from Schlipme, the black-art shaman of Skamotes. Karkias had only good signs on his Kobdas, and he did not use his skill and power to harm human beings.

All the dwellers of the north shore were helped by Torajas, who was not over-choice in the means which he used when giving the aid asked for by his people. Those who lived near Karkias also sought their shaman's aid in all difficulties, and they were always helped by him. Thus both shamans gained fame for their skill and wisdom.

Things went well for the children of Sameh; their herds increased, and the hunting and the fishing were good; the daily burnt-offerings to the heaven-lords were signs that their earth-children were grateful for blessings bestowed.

But down in darkest Rotaimo sat Mano's hideous daughter, the hateful Skamotes, always plotting evil against the children of Beijen-Neita. When the smoke from the burnt-offerings rose to heaven she foamed with anger and ill-

A skilled shaman may descend to Jabmien-aimo and try to bribe the Jabmek.

## Torajas and Karkias

---

will. In the shape of a huge blackbird she flew about the viste of Torajas and, perching in a pine tree near his door, sang:

“In Sameh-land there dwell two mighty shamans,

Both are famed for skill and wisdom.

One is Torajas, learned in Kobdas’ magic;

The other shaman is powerful Karkias,

Who knows many origin-words and gan-words.

But who can perform the greater wonders?

Who is blessed with the greater gift and knowledge?

Which one has the holy gift to presage

Ills to come, lean years with Korm and hunger?

Lo! Torajas, mighty aider of his people.

Behold the Kobdas-beater, powerful Karkias.

Filled he is with shaman’s age-old magic,

Passed to Kallo by old Nischergurgje.

But who is the greater, Sameh-children wonder.”

Thus sang the cunning Skamotes in the shape of a huge blackbird. The proud Torajas began to wonder in his heart if Karkias had as many gan-words and origin-words on his drum as he himself had, or as many words with which to bind and loose the evil spirits as he, Torajas, had in his head and painted on his drum. Looking

## Lapland Legends

---

into his heart, Skamotes saw that her song had stirred him to envy; and once more she sang:

“Let the people judge the power,  
Of each shaman’s skill and cunning.  
Let there be a trial between them,  
And the one who is the greater  
Shall henceforth be chief in Sameh.”

Flapping her bat-like black wings, Skamotes sat close to the door of Torajas’ viste.

But to her song he replied: “The shaman’s gift was given me by Jubmel, who in the days gone by sent the Tonto to dwell in the sacred Kobdas. Jubmel’s magic is the good magic. What concern is it to me which one is the greater shaman, Karkias or I? We are both of the race of Beijen-Neita.”

But the wily blackbird sang once more, while she flapped her huge wings:

“Great is Tarajas, far-famed shaman,  
And mighty is Karkias, servant of Tonto.  
Who is the greater? your people are wondering.”

At this song the peace in the shaman’s heart was disturbed. The huge blackbird flew back to her home in Rotaimo. But the song rang in the ears of Torajas. Hateful and dark thoughts had driven his contentment from him; it was

## Torajas and Karkias

---

gloomy and still around his viste, and the burnt-offerings no longer rose from the north shore of the lake. Alone sat the shaman, pondering and doubtful; by lending his ear to the evil song he had opened his heart to Skamotes' wickedness and plottings. The darkness of Rotaimo had begun to spread in his heart and stir the thought in his head. Envy and bitterness against the good shaman, Karkias, began to gain root-hold in his mind.

Thus through many long days and many weary nights did hatred grow in his heart. Seeing this, the moon-god's daughter gloated; and she continued to pour other wicked thoughts into the shaman's head.

One day Torajas stood by the lake and saw the good shaman rowing a raft on the water. An evil voice whispered to Torajas to speak the Shovel-word which had the power to set free the storm-winds. The wind-spirits came roaring over the lake and stirred up sky-high billows in passing. Karkias did not know that this wind had been sent by the other shaman, nor had he time to speak the word that would have bound the storm-spirits and sent them back to Bjeggo-galles' cave. A mighty wave took the frail raft and cast it high into the air. Karkias himself fell into the lake.

Lying in the water, the shaman saw that he

## Lapland Legends

---

was very far from the shore. He spoke one gan-word and changed his shape into that of a fish, small and swift; and began to swim toward land. But, seeing this happen, Torajas sent a huge old pike, one that lived in the lake, to swallow the smaller fish. The good shaman did not know that he was held by evil magic, nor did he dream that the other shaman could have done this evil deed. Thus he was doomed to stay inside the old pike for many moon-rounds.

But Torajas, when he saw how well he had succeeded, sang:

“Two powerful shamans dwelt in Sameh-land:  
One was Karkias, Torajas the other.  
‘Who has the greater power?’ cried the people.  
But now great Karkias is very tiny—  
Swallowed by the pike, and helpless.  
And now Torajas is powerful and honored;  
Now Torajas is the only shaman.”

The wicked shaman could now return to his viste, content in his heart. Twelve moon-rounds went past, and all this time he was held in great honor by some of the people. None among them knew what had befallen the good shaman. No one had the cunning to guess where Karkias might be found.

Then, after some time, the Sameh-people began to say that the old Nischergurgje had re-

## Torajas and Karkias

---

turned in the shape of the good shaman Karkias, and that he had also vanished just as the first, Jubmel's own shaman, had passed from their land. They sang:

"Karkias was the powerful shaman;  
Karkias was the greatest shaman.  
Torajas is but a little shaman—  
He can never be the greatest shaman.  
But the magic of Karkias  
Was Jubmel's own wisdom.  
Perchance Nischergurgje  
Himself, with his Kobdas,  
Once more to fair Sameh  
Had come, but to tarry  
A short while, to teach us  
The old songs and joujkems."

With wrath in his heart Torajas heard this being sung by the people, while around his viste flew the huge blackbird once more, always singing loudly:

"Two shamans had we in this fair land—  
The great Torajas, and mighty Karkias.  
Was vanished Karkias the greater shaman?  
Or is it the clever and fearless Torajas?  
Tell us which one of the two is the greater!"

Torajas' heart turned toward all that was evil when he heard the people praise the shaman



## Lapland Legends

---

whom he had caused to vanish; and in his heart he listened to a plan of Skamotes whereby he could still farther belittle the good shaman.

Singing songs of evil magic, he went out on his raft and set a net across the whole lake. That night he slept content. Next day he drew in the net, which was full of little fishes. Again he laid his net across the whole lake, and when he took it in there were a number of larger fishes among the small ones caught in it. Once more he sank his net. But this time he called upon Skamotes and Mano to help him catch the huge old pike whom he had commanded, with his evil magic, to swallow Karkias. Next morning when Torajas took in his net he found the great pike in the middle of it.

Meanwhile, in the stomach of the fish, Karkias had tried to guess who had used evil magic against him and sent him this misfortune. Never once did he think that his neighbor Torajas could have done such an evil deed; for he could not understand why the other shaman should wish to destroy him.

The wicked shaman took the huge pike and laid it on his raft. Then he rowed himself across the lake and landed at the village in which Karkias had his viste. All the people in the village came forward wondering why the shaman had come over to their side of the lake; for no one



## Torajas and Karkias

---

had asked him to come there, with his Kobdas which had both Beijve's and Mano's signs upon it. Standing in the midst of Karkias' people, he sang:

"Two shamans dwelt in the land of Sameh.

Karkias was one, and Torajas the other.

No one knew who was greater and wiser.

Nobody knew who was gifted by Jubmel.

Nobody knew who was aided by Mano.

One day great Karkias suddenly vanished.

Torajas was left to be fair Sameh's helper.

The children of Sameh said their shaman had  
wandered

Away to the god-home, like old Nischergurgje.

But lies spoke the people, for Karkias merely

Was seized by a pike sent by mighty Torajas.

No more than a morsel was he for the old pike

Called forth by my magic and help from the  
moon-god,

Called forth by the magic of pale Mano's  
daughter."

Now the shaman slit open the stomach of the pike; and out stepped Karkias in his human form. Angrily he turned to his enemy: "You did an evil thing by the use of black-art magic," he cried.

When the people heard this they said: "Tora-

## Lapland Legends

---

jas is a wicked shaman! He tried to destroy Karkias, but the gods kept guard over our shaman and made him live for twelve moon-rounds in the belly of the great pike; therefore Karkias is the most powerful shaman in Sameh-land."

Seething with wrath and with great bitterness in his heart, Torajas returned to his side of the lake. None of the people in Sameh-land dared to ask him for help, because he had done evil to the good shaman. Karkias' fame and the tale of his return unharmed to his people spread from village to village until Torajas heard nothing but "Karkias is the good shaman; the gods themselves are watching over him."

The evil shaman was left alone. Only the blackbird, the plotting Skamotes, stayed around his viste, always singing her vile songs of hatred, until only ill-will and envy could dwell in Torajas' heart.

Each time Mano's daughter flapped her wings, stinging insects and poisonous gan-flies filled the air. "Send these pests to Karkias' people, and let the Korm and the gan-flies bite and sting and drive away their fat herds of tamed reindeer, and mayhap one of these insects will carry the soul of the hated Karkias down to Jabmien-aimo," Skamotes whispered.

With wickedness in his heart Torajas gathered the gan-flies and the Korm and put their

## Torajas and Karkias

---

signs also on his drum; then, speaking unclean words, he sent them to Karkias and bade them sting and kill.

But, hearing the buzzing of the insects, the good shaman looked up and saw the evil creatures and knew their power to harm. "I heard the buzz of a gan-fly sent by one who is living across the lake," he murmured as he softly beat the Kobdas. "But I command Torajas' creatures to return to him and to do to him what he wished done to us here in the village." The vile pests flew back to their master and stung him in the hip so that he became lame.

Now Torajas hated the good shaman still more. One dark night he took his raft and rowed across the lake and found his way to the shaman's viste. With a club made from the hardest wood in the forest he hit Karkias a mortal blow while he lay asleep. The following day he boasted to all who would listen: "Karkias is no longer the greatest shaman in Sameh-land; he is dead, killed by Torajas' magic."

But when loving Beijen-Neita, with sorrow in her heart, saw this evil deed and how wickedness had once more gained foothold in the world, she sought her father the sun-god and said: "Most high and loving father, let Torajas' dark magic and evil heart no longer lead mankind astray. The good Karkias must not be de-

## Lapland Legends

---

stroyed by the wicked shaman who is ever heeding Skamotes' whispers."

Beijve sent a golden ray of his life-giving light to warm the dead Karkias; soon the good shaman rose to his feet, refreshed, whole, and stronger than ever.

The tidings that Karkias had once more been saved from the power of Torajas travelled far and wide. Now the Sameh-people knew that their shaman's life was truly in the care of the high gods. More and more honored did he become, while the wielder of black art was shunned by all the good people in Sameh-land.

Now came the darkest thoughts and the most burning hatred over the wicked shaman. He began to sing fearsome songs of sickness, death, pestilence, and famine. So black was his heart that even Skamotes herself trembled and turned away her face. The light of Beijve shone no longer, and the world was left in darkness.

Torajas climbed the highest mountain with his Kobdas. He chanted all the evil runes, and all the songs of black-art magic that he knew and all the evil power-words; he called forth all the spirits of woe and sorrow over Sameh-land. His wickedness was so great that the heart of Jubmel's vaja trembled with pain over this new sorrow that had come upon the earth. Torajas sang:

## Torajas and Karkias

---

"From east and from west, from north and from south,

Call I the evil things and the spirits  
Born in the dark-world. Beings of terror,  
Come, howl your curses, jeer at all good things;  
Come at the call of Torajas, your master.  
Lo! on his drum all your signs does he carry.  
Bring with you hunger and bring with you sickness;

Also bring wolves and poisonous gan-flies;  
Bring coldness and darkness to children of Beijve;

Bring ill-will and strife to the most loving brothers;

Bring storm-wind and hail, bring rain-flood and fire,

To ravage each village, destroying each viste.  
Let maggots grow fat in their bodies; let wild beasts

Gnaw at the bones of the aged, the infants.  
In terror shall Sameh flee from their home-sites  
And dwell in the lairs left empty by thick-pelts  
And foxes and gray-sides roaming the forests.  
Food for the Sameh-children shall vanish;  
No more shall the swift dogs, guarding the reindeer,

Gladden the hillside with barkings when, fearless,

They come at call of their masters at meal-time.

## Lapland Legends

---

Restlessly threading the paths of the homeless,  
Sameh shall wander foot-weary and starving;  
Strangers shall harass them, foes shall destroy  
them,

Making them bow to the gods of the Stalo.†  
One day, from earth the Sameh shall vanish.  
Come from the east, from the west and the  
south,

Come from the north, you spirits of terror;  
Come to the call of Torajas, your shaman."

Never had such an evil thing been heard in the world. The children of Beijve were helpless, because one of their own race had brought forth the ills which befell them. Even the good magic of Karkias was powerless against the dark-world creatures called forth by unclean magic by one of his brother shamans. Even the ghosts in Fudnos-aimo shuddered over the black heart of one of the earth-born beings; for the most hideous of all evil-doers is he who brings misfortune upon those of his own race.

Now woe ruled the earth-lands. The herds of the Sameh-children were scattered by the gan-flies and the wolves who came at Torajas' bid-

† Stalo. The Lapp name for the tall, powerful invaders who carried weapons of shining metal. This name is often used by them in connection with the Swedes. The Stalo was always pictured as a giant or superhuman being, always of an evil nature.



## Torajas and Karkias

---

ding. The wild deer, too, fled into the deep forests. The fishes died in the lakes and the rivers; the little woodland creatures were never hit by the huntsman's arrows. With fear did Karkias see how his people no longer made offerings to the high gods, for they no longer had the fatted reindeer to kill and live on. Thus dark days of want and hardship came upon the Sameh-children, and they were driven to wander over stony paths, seeking meager food. Not even the old songs about the great gods could bring comfort to their hearts. Instead, they sang their plaintive song of lament:

“The far-famed shaman Torajas,  
Vile Skamotes' evil servant,  
Drove abundance from the earth-lands.  
He with his black-art magic  
Called forth hunger and the dark things.  
Food we have none, nor shelter;  
He took our gifts away.  
Tame deer and wild deer have vanished;  
Empty are the hillsides;  
Empty of fish are the waters.  
The evil shaman, with his magic  
Brought hunger to Sameh-children.”

Thus they sang as they wandered over the barren slopes in search of new homes far from



## Lapland Legends

---

the sounds of Torajas' dreadful songs and the beating of his Kobdas which had both Beijve's and Mano's signs upon it.

## The Adventures of Waari

**T**HE father of Waari had set his young son in training with a wise old shaman, because there seemed to be signs in the lad that he had some of the gifts with which all true shamans are born. The holy songs and much wisdom did Waari learn from his master; yet the spirit of the Kobdas, the all-wise Tonto, would not come to his aid. Therefore he was sent back to his parents; for he was not meant to be one of the wise men in his land. (This took place after Torajas, the wicked shaman, had cursed his own people and wished evil upon them.) The young Waari knew the holy songs and had been told of the treasures hidden safe by Jubmel for the people of Sameh. Waari sang:

“Few and scrawny are our reindeer,  
Hunted by the hungry gray wolf.  
Famine holds the place of honor  
In our viste. Therefore will I  
Go to seek the golden treasure  
Hid by Jubmel for his children.”

Waari set out on his wanderings, seeking the good things laid safely away by the great god after the world had been turned over and Jubmel had destroyed the human beings.

First Waari came to a land in the south; here Beijve himself seemed to stand guard over the

## Lapland Legends

---

mountains. Here, the wanderer felt, riches surely would be found for him to carry home to his own people. Long and far did Waari travel—farther than any one of his race had ever been. He saw strange dwellings, but he saw no human beings. Still, he heard voices that warned him:

“Turn back! brave wanderer, go no farther.  
Why did you come here? why and whence?  
Did greed and vanity bring you?  
You shall not know us, cannot see us;  
But we know you, and we might harm you.  
Return you must, if you wish to live!”

In fear did Waari gaze about him. He saw nothing but the queer dwellings of these invisible beings. He felt in his heart that he had been tricked by some powerful magic, but he did not know strong enough gan-words to free himself from the spell. Therefore he set his face toward the east and began his treasure-hunt once more. “In the east, surely, the hidden treasures must be found—there where the sun-god rises from his rest. Nowhere else shines the sun more brightly than in the east,” Waari told himself. Then he came to some steep mountains which seemed to close in about him. When he tried to climb these cliffs he saw a number of angry men running toward him, crying out at him in wrath and speaking words he could not understand.

## Adventures of Waari

---

Fearful and trembling, he turned back, knowing that Beijve's gold could not be hid in this unfriendly land; neither here nor in the land toward the south. No reindeer did he see, nor could he find fishing-water, nor were there any wildwood creatures to hunt for food. All he had seen was that these human beings lived in strange dwellings and ate queer food.

Now Waari began to travel toward the west. "Here the sun goes to sleep after his weary journey across the heavens. In the west is the home of the gods; surely there I shall find the treasures," Waari thought as he strode westward.

During many moon-rounds did he travel, and he saw many strange sights and met beings who were not like himself, but huge and terrible to behold. Then, at last, he came to the sea. Roaring, heavy, and dark were the waves, and he heard the ghosts singing on the tall wave-crests:

"Sailing the sea, you must be of the bravest.

Ofttimes their death sailors find in the billows,

While fearlessly sailing the treacherous sea.

Sameh-land traveller, go elsewhere seeking

Riches and honor. Turn back from the sea!

Darkling and dreadful, the waves come roaring,

Angrily dashing about your feet.

Seek you the sun-hoard where gleaming Beijve

Ever is guarding his treasures so bright."

## Lapland Legends

---

Waari turned his back upon the west and retraced his steps from the roaring sea. Once more inland, he began to wander toward the north. He came to deep, dark, silent forests and wide frozen swamps. There were swift rivers with jagged cliff-edged banks which barred his way, and wildly racing rapids which no human being would dare to cross. He made rafts for himself, and upon these he rowed himself over the wide lakes. Above him hung the sky, very close to the earth, and the stars gleamed brightly in the night, as if trying to cheer him on his way. The days became very long, and the nights were far too short. Waari knew that he was nearing the land where the eye of loving Beijve never closes.

Then, after many days of weary travel, Waari met a human being who really was a giant. This giant wore a headdress with fearsome looking horns upon it, and in his hand he carried a weapon that gleamed like moonlight upon ice. This huge being gazed in anger upon the little Waari and spoke:

“In peace must you leave me,  
Me, and all my belongings.  
This is my land, and I am its ruler.  
No one may enter with herds nor go hunting.  
Came you to rob me of riches and home-site?  
Came you to slay my deer in the forest?

## Adventures of Waari

---

Came you to catch the fish in my rivers?  
Know that here I am owner and ruler  
Of all that you see round about you."

Humbly Waari bowed himself down to the earth and answered:

"Truly you are great and powerful, man above men.

Methinks a huge godling you are,  
Sent down to the earth to rule it for Jubmel.  
Withdraw your anger and let a lone wanderer  
Peacefully pass through your holdings.  
None of your land do I crave, nor by hunting  
Shall I destroy your beasts in the wildwood.  
Nor shall I fish in your lakes or your rivers.  
Only I ask, as a boon to be granted,  
Berries and herbs for my stomach quite empty.  
Calm your great anger, man above others!  
Call me not thief, call me not robber.  
Lo! to some other land now I will hie me,  
Searching for treasures, gold and great riches.  
Now, I bethink me, long have I been straying;  
Let me return to the land where my father  
Waits in the viste for wandering Waari."

But the giant lifted the little wanderer up in his arms and bore him off to his great hall. Here Waari saw many other men just as huge as the giant himself; they spoke in a harsh and un-

## Lapland Legends

---

lovely tongue, and some of the words the little Sameh-son did not understand. All had shining weapons and wore great arm-rings and heavy neck-chains of gold. From this, Waari knew that he could not be so very far from the land where the sun-hoard was hid in the earth.

The giant made the stranger his servant; this to pay for the herbs and berries which Waari had eaten. Only after he had worn out a pair of shoes would the little servant be set free. However, the giant promised him as much silver as two reindeer could carry, after the serving-time had come to an end. This promise pleased Waari, and he bravely set about his many tasks. But he soon knew that he was being tricked, for what he wore off his shoes in the daytime grew on in the night. Waari feared that he would have to serve the giants for the rest of his earthly days. But he told himself: "Trickery must be met with trickery." So he filled his shoes with soft grass and earth, which he kept wet with water. In a short time the shoes had rotted to pieces and fell from Waari's feet.

Carrying the destroyed shoes, he sought his master. "Now I have served you until my shoes are worn out. Pay me my wages and let me return to my people," said the little Sameh-son.

The giant wondered how his little servant could have worn out such a pair of shoes so



## Adventures of Waari

---

quickly; they were magic shoes and could not wear out. However, the giant spoke in a friendly manner: "Good sense there is in your little head, and such a servant I cannot part with so soon. If you serve me during one sun-round, I will give you as much silver as four reindeer can carry, and I will also fill your little hat with gold coins."

Waari agreed to serve his master during one sun-round, but he asked that all the gold coins should be of one kind. Eagerly the giant promised this, although he did not intend to pick over all the coins in his treasure-chests just to please his little servant. Again Waari learned that deceit and trickery were being used by his master; he even overheard the giants saying among themselves that they were going to fatten him and have a feast out of him before his time of service came to end. This set Waari thinking and laying plans whereby he could fool his master into thinking that he, Waari, was very strong.

One day the giant and his servant were out in the forest together. The servant began to boast of his great strength. The giant laughed in scorn at the puny creature's words. But the night before Waari had been out in this forest and scooped out deep holes in a number of tree-trunks. The holes he had neatly covered over

## Lapland Legends

---

with bark; he had also marked all the scooped-out trees.

"Watch me run my head into yonder tree-trunk," said the servant as he sat at his master's feet.

"Go and do it, little one; don't boast! But I could squash that little head of yours in my hand," the giant laughed.

Waari had picked out a scooped-out tree-trunk. He rose to his feet and began to run, but he stopped near the tree, as if afraid to smash his head.

"Ha, ha!" roared the giant. "You dare not do it."

Once more Waari set off on a run toward the tree-trunk, but he stopped short as he touched the bark. The giant laughed and slapped his knees.

"I give you one more trial. If you cannot do a thing, why boast about how strong you are?" said the giant.

This time Waari ran back a great distance and jammed his head into the tree-trunk, clear up to his shoulders; the chips of bark flew about his ears. "Can you do better than that?" he asked his master.

"I think, if you can stand it, I too can do it," said the giant as he rose to his feet. He picked out the biggest tree in the forest, to show his

## Adventures of Waari

---

puny servant how strong he was. He backed away as he had seen Waari do, and set off on a run. The earth rocked and swayed under his tread. He ran his head against the tree, but he hardly made a dent in the bark. Angrily he tried again. Finally his head was bleeding so that he could hardly see. But, being stupid, he would not give in to his little servant.

"Let me show you once more," Waari said. The giant sat down and wiped the blood from his face.

His servant ran his head into another tree-trunk. "It is easy to do if one is as strong as I am," Waari boasted. "Look, I will do a few more, just to show you the trick." Into all the scooped-out trunks he ran his head. "You try it once more," he teased the giant. Twice as far, and twice as fast, did the great creature run this time; a few splinters of wood came loose. But his skull was almost cracked.

"You are learning," cried Waari. "We will try it again to-morrow." However, the giant thought he had had enough of this pastime. To himself he said, "I must be getting old and weak." In his heart he began to fear his little servant.

Another time Waari and his master were out in the forest. The giant had in his belt a dagger

## Lapland Legends

---

which always returned to its scabbard after it had been thrown, and which always killed anything at which it was flung.

"Let us see who can throw the higher," said the master. He sent the dagger into the air. It went up so high that they had to sit down and wait a while before it returned. At last it flashed into its place in the giant's belt.

"Not so badly done," the servant praised. "Now it is my turn." The dagger was so huge that Waari could hardly lift it. But, turning to his master, with a solemn face he said: "Remember, anything I throw never comes back. Watch me fling your toy up on some distant unseen star."

He made a show of getting ready to toss the dagger into the air but his master cried: "Stop! I cannot afford to lose my dagger. I will admit that you are the stronger."

On the way home Waari busied himself with the twisting of a rope from some fresh birch saplings.

"Why do you twist such a string?" asked the master.

"Oh, I was just going to sling it around your treasure-house and carry it off with me. I am going home. I am tired of staying here doing nothing," Waari told the giant.

"Oh, you must not do such a thing. If you go

## Adventures of Waari

---

away now I shall have to load the four reindeer with silver and fill your hat with gold coins all alike," whined the giant, in fear of his treasures.

"Yes, I will go now if you load four reindeer with silver and fill my hat with gold coins all alike," Waari promised. "But you must leave your dagger here with me when you go for the silver and the gold," he warned him.

Gladly the giant set off toward his treasure-house to do his strong servant's bidding. He soon led up the four silver-laden reindeer and was sent back for the gold coins to fill the hat. It took some time to find coins that were alike.

But Waari had not been idle while his master loaded the reindeer and brought them to him. He had scooped out a deep hole in the ground, and over this he set his hat. But first he had cut a long slit in its crown. He had also laid his own staff crosswise over the huge dagger, thus making Beijve's own sign—the most potent one of the marks on the sacred Kobdas. Nobody who is not of the Sameh-people could touch that sign and live.

After tying the silver-laden reindeer to some trees, Waari sat down to await the return of his master with the gold coins all alike with which his hat was to be filled. After the second trip the giant told him that it was a great deal of trouble to find coins that were all alike.

## Lapland Legends

---

"It does not matter so much, as long as I get my hat full," Waari said.

Now the giant had less trouble. But he found that it took a mass of coins to fill such a little hat. "Your hat is bigger than I thought," grumbled Waari's master.

"Strong men need big hats," boasted Waari.

On the next trip the giant put the gold coins into a bag, from which he poured them into the hat. "Never saw a deeper hat," he muttered.

"Strong men need deep hats," replied the servant.

After the sixth trip, there was a glimmer of gold showing in the bottom of the hat. One more trip filled the hat to the brim.

"Now," commanded Waari, "walk back to your house without looking back once. If you look back I will fling away your dagger."

The giant gladly did as he was told. But Waari quickly filled some leather bags with the gold coins and loaded them on two more reindeer. Then he set his slit hat on his head and filled up the hole in the ground. But he left the staff lying crosswise over the dagger. Driving his six gold- and silver-laden reindeer ahead of him, he set out for Sameh-land and reached his father's viste without mishap.

But it is told that the huge dagger is lying to this day in the same spot where the giant left it.

## Adventures of Waari

---

Waari's staff is there no more, for it has long ago rotted away. The dagger is too heavy to be lifted by any living man, and it may still be seen by anyone who looks for it in the right place.



## Kärgo and the Giant's Daughter

**A**FTER Waari's return from the land of the giants, loaded with treasures of gold and silver, many of the braver Sameh-sons began to wonder if it were not in this far-off northland that the early-day treasures had been buried by Jubmel.

Others, who did not know the holy songs and who never gave heed to the shaman's chantings, told each other that this land where Waari had served the giants must be ruled over by evil-doers who used gold and silver to lure men to their destruction. "Only evil can come from the land of the giants," said these people as they shook their unwise heads. "We are not all learned and cunning like Waari. When those giants who had been tricked by the little Sameh-son saw others of his race come to their land, they surely would do them harm." Thus they spoke while sitting idly about the household fires.

One of the offspring of mighty Kallo, the soul-son of Nischergurgje, was the stately and comely Kärgo, who was the youngest son of his father. Kärgo's father was the shaman of his people, and he had taught his youngest and best-beloved son many of the secrets of his craft, although his eldest son was to become the shaman after him,

## The Giant's Daughter

---

for to him the all-wise Tonto had come. Still, the youngest son had been taught many powerful gan-words and origin-words and was well trained in the use of magic.

After hearing about Waari's adventures among the giants, a great unrest came over Kärigo. But, alone, he did not wish to set out seeking treasures, so he spoke to other young men in Sameh-land. And many were eager to follow him, for they thought, "If cunning little Waari could bring home so much gold and silver alone, what could not we bring back if we went together?"

Kärigo and his followers set forth. Long did they wander; deep and dark were the forests; wide were the lakes and the rivers which they crossed upon rafts. Then at last they came to the roaring sea. Many of the less brave Sameh-sons turned back. Those who remained chose Kärigo as their leader. They built a ship to carry them across the sea. "For," said Kärigo, "the golden treasures must be buried beyond these fearsome waters."

At last they were ready to sail on the wide and terrible sea. Thus the story relates:

Venturesome and brave did Kärigo  
With his men begin their voyaging.  
Wind a-blowing, sails a-bulging,

## Lapland Legends

---

Tjatse-olmak\* did his duty.  
Tearing, roaring, towering billows  
Dashed against their sturdy rudder;  
Rushing east-winds drove the vessel  
Past the moon. And to the sailors  
Like some pale and far-off star-gleam  
Seemed the sun, and white-faced Mano  
Was no more, as Kärge's vessel,  
Sailing onward, found the pole star  
Growing larger, brighter, warmer,  
Shedding glowing rays upon them.

Moon-rounds twelve on timbered vessel  
Sailed brave Kärge and his comrades.  
Song of billows, spray from wave-crest  
Sped their days and lulled to slumber.  
Land at last lay gleaming yonder—  
Welcome sight, to sea-worn sailors.

None of Kärge's men knew what land they had reached; but spread before their eyes was a country the like of which they had not dared to dream of. The trees were loaded with the sweetest and juiciest fruit, and these trees grew close to the shore. There were wide fields with rich crops. Kärge, alone, stepped ashore to see if there would be any dangers for his men to face.

Soon he came upon a strange sight. Washing

\* Tjatse-olmak. The god ruling the sea; the Lapp Neptune.

## The Giant's Daughter

---

some garments in a sheltered cove, he saw a being as fair and comely as the first woman created. At the sight before him he felt as if his blood had suddenly turned into fire; his heart began to beat so loudly that he feared the maiden would hear it and flee. Unable to overcome his craving to draw close to this comely creature, the treasure-seeker boldly stepped up to her. As soon as he came near she stood up before him, tall and straight and full-bosomed. In grave wonder she gazed upon him; she felt as if some hidden birds had suddenly begun to sing in her heart, as her eyes travelled over the sunny-haired stranger who seemed so fearless.

Flushed of cheek, with heaving bosom,  
Golden-haired, with eyes like star-glow,  
Meeting glances of the sailor,  
Tjalmi, blind old giant's daughter,  
Spoke at last to Beijve's offspring:  
"Whence came you, fair son of Sameh?  
And what seek you and the comrades  
Left by you on yonder vessel?  
Bring you to my aged father  
Wine made from the sweetest berries?  
And for Tjalmi savory morsels?  
And for my three stalwart brothers  
Fattest meat for pot a-boiling?"  
Kallo's offspring, comely sun-child,

## Lapland Legends

---

Who had braved the raging billows,  
Smiled upon the giant's daughter,  
Smiled upon the gold-haired maiden.  
Unafraid was comely Kärge.

Seeing naught but heaving bosom,  
Seeing naught but eyes that sparkled,  
Seeing naught but hair like sunshine,  
Craving to embrace the maiden,  
Spoke young Kärge to fair Tjalmi:  
"Heed not I your aimless banter;  
Fear I have not of your father;  
And your stalwart brothers would I  
Fain invite to bouts of wrestling.  
But before your magic glances,  
Like a leaf in wind a-tremble,  
Weak am I as a new-born deer-calf.  
Sarakka,† through sturdy forebears,  
Gave me strength of arm and sinew;  
Wisdom sucked I from my mother,  
Greatest gift of wise Usakka.‡  
Tjalmi asks me what I'm seeking:  
Such my answer: I am seeking  
Harbor safe from storms of earth-land,  
And a heart that knows my longings,  
And a hand to calm my passions;

† Sarakka. The goddess ruling the sexes; literally, "the Mother of Life."

‡ Usakka. The goddess guarding household peace; the Lapp Vesta.

## The Giant's Daughter

---

Counsel fair in all life's hardships,  
Counsel wise in days of plenty;  
Healer of my sore heart's sorrows,  
Comforter in pain and anguish.  
And at last, of gifts the greatest,  
Fairest mate to give me offspring."

Thus spoke Kärigo to the daughter of the blind giant. These words were partly culled from the old and holy songs of wooing; the giant-maiden had never heard such a pretty speech, nor ever seen a comelier youth and her heart was beating as hard as if it were about to burst through her bosom. Strangely glad and strangely sad, she replied:

"Lo! my blood is boiling, rushing  
Through me, and it makes my bosom  
Rise and fall like yonder billows;  
And my thoughts are swirling, dashing  
Wildly through my head, and nothing  
Matters, since I saw the sun-child,  
But to share in all his sorrows,  
All his hardship, all his gladness—  
Share his all, as Kärigo-ene."

In great joy did Kallo's offspring clasp the fair Tjalmi to his heart.

"But tell me," cried he in his joy, "where is your father, so that I may go to him and win his consent to wed you."



## Lapland Legends

---

Now Tjalmi related that her father was a mighty giant; although blind of old age, he still had all his strength. He was also one of Mano's race; he had married a maiden of the earth-folk, whom he had carried off as his mate. Thus, when he was made angry he had some of Skamotes' wickedness.

"My father you must not meet unless you are stronger and more cunning than anyone else in the world," Tjalmi told her lover. "He will want to try his strength on you, and also try your wit. If you win in such a trial, it will mean our life together; but if he wins, it will be the death of Kärge, for my three brothers are cruel and dangerous. They are away hunting just now, but they may return at any time, and you must beware."

To this the Sameh-son replied: "Tjalmi's father may be strong, but I am wise and cunning; my name means 'the Cautious One.' I must get your father's consent to our marriage. I always carry through the things I begin, and I shall offer your father a goblet of proposal-wine."

Kärge commanded his sailors to roll seven barrels of whale-oil and seven barrels of tar up on shore. He also ordered that the huge iron anchor be brought to the door of the giant's hall, but that the anchor must first be made fast to a huge rock near the door. Now, hand in hand,



## The Giant's Daughter

---

Kärgo and Tjalmi entered the giant's hall, where the maiden's father sat, blind and helpless.

In well-chosen words did the Sameh-son state his wish to marry the giant's daughter. He next offered Tjalmi's father the first goblet of proposal-wine—an opened barrel of whale-oil.

In a voice of thunder the giant spoke: "Who are you, to dare ask such a thing of me? Name your race and tell me who was your father."

"Kärgo I am called by the people of Sameh. My father is our shaman and the offspring of Kallo's race of mighty shamans."

Quietly did the giant listen to the young man's words. At last he said: "With wisdom speaks the Sameh-child, and his words are well thought out. But I crave to know how strong you are. If your prowess measures well with mine, you may wed my daughter. If not, you shall be the slave of me and of my three sons."

The giant thrust forth his hand, crooked his third finger, and with a wicked grin said:

"Hither, sun-child! let your sinews  
Show their tautness and endurance!  
Crook your finger, fearing nothing—  
Just a friendly game of greeting,  
Just to learn if sun-child's prowess  
Can compare with blind old giant's."

Kärgo, being wise in the ways of giants, in-

## Lapland Legends

---

stead of holding out his hand held forth the hook of the anchor for the giant to grasp. The father of Tjalmi pulled and tugged at the anchor so hard that there were deep dents left in the iron from his fingers. Tired and panting, he finally said: "Verily, you are stronger than I am; stiffer sinews I never tried."

Kärgo now made signs to his sailors to roll the seven barrels of tar and the rest of the whale-oil up to the door. Smacking his lips, the father of Tjalmi emptied barrel after barrel of tar and oil, saying that this was the most pleasantly flavored wine he had ever tasted. Soon he became aware of a new strength in his creaking old bones; and he rose to his feet, wanting to grasp the hand of his guest. Again the anchor was held forth to him. Once more the giant jerked and pulled with all his might; but not a tremor of weakness could he feel as he tugged away at the anchor.

"Old giant is growing weak," he murmured with a final tug. "My sinews are lacking their old power, my arm is soft and trembling, my eyes have lost their light; but strong is the man from Sameh-land, and he shall wed my daughter, and from them a new race of giants shall spring."

Kärgo bade his sailors roll up the rest of the tar and the oil-barrels, and the giant drank and drank until his skin could hold no more. Then,

## The Giant's Daughter

---

at last, he sighed with contentment and said to his guest: "Stronger than I is the young son of Sameh, and the wine has made my heart soft. Lo! I shall go to my treasure-house and get ready the dower for my daughter."

From the hall he was led by Tjalmi, who guided his faltering steps. The giant took as much gold and silver as he could carry on his back and stood before Kärigo. "This is the wedding-gift to my daughter," he said, and let the sack drop to the ground.

"Stingier gifts I have seen, but also larger ones," answered the young man.

Again the giant went to his treasure-house, and this time he brought a load much larger than the first one. This he flung at Kärigo's feet.

"Larger wedding-gift you never saw," he panted.

"Freely you gave of your treasures; yet among the sun-children we give still larger wedding-gifts." The Sameh-son was thinking of the thousands of reindeer that followed some brides from their fathers' vistes.

Now the giant became wrathful. But the sailors opened some more barrels of whale-oil; and after draining a few and wiping his beard Tjalmi's father went once more to his treasure-house. This time he took only gold and a number of costly weapons—as much as he could carry.

## Lapland Legends

---

His back bent double and his knees sagged under the load. "Larger wedding-gift you never saw," he sputtered, and let the burden slide to the ground.

"No, in truth, a larger wedding-gift no one else ever gave," cried Kärigo.

At these words the giant forgot his anger, and they went back to the hall, where he now joined his daughter and the young Sameh-son in wedlock.

Winsome maid with feet uncovered,  
Eager to take up her duties  
As a wife and faithful helpmate,  
Tjalmi came, led by her father.  
Then she kneeled beside brave Kärigo  
On a hide from mighty walrus.  
From the bride's left little-finger  
One round drop of blood is mingled  
With a drop of Kärigo's red blood  
In the palm of blind old giant.  
Now their hands are brought together;  
Now the groom may kiss his fair bride  
And may draw her to his bosom.  
Next the knots of great Usakka  
Are cut open by the giant.  
Last, the father, blind and aged,  
Binds them with the knot of wedlock.

Now, the marriage being over and the treas-

## The Giant's Daughter

---

ures safely stowed away on their ship, brave Kärge and Tjalmi bade the sailors hoist the sails for the journey back to Sameh-land.

But they had barely passed out of sight when the three sons returned from their hunting trip. In wonderment did they find their father lying in his hall drunk on whale-oil and tar. Of their sister they saw no sign.

They woke their father and asked him what had befallen.

“Who is he who stole our sister?  
And what magic drew her from us?  
And who had the powerful sinews,  
Matching those of our own father?  
And who feasts his eyes, unworthy,  
On fair Tjalmi, giant's offspring?”

Only half awake, and still stupid from the oil and the tar which he had drunk, the old giant related how the crafty Kärge, both with strength and good sense, had won their sister in honorable marriage, and how they had sailed away with rich wedding-gifts.

In their haste to be off, the sailors had forgotten to take the anchor along; the three brothers of Tjalmi found it made fast to the rock near the door, with the dents of their father's fingers showing them how the Sameh-son had tricked

## Lapland Legends

---

their father and all of them. "Father, only a puny sun-child, with cunning and trickery, won our sister," the sons told the giant. "But we will set out in our copper boat and overtake them and bring our sister back." Soon the huge copper boat was launched, and the brothers, each with a pair of copper oars, sent the boat shooting like a water-fowl through the waves.

The noise they made with their oars and the rushing of the water against the keel of the boat made Tjalmi look out over the water; and when she saw her brothers coming toward the ship she went in haste and told her husband. "My brothers have returned, and have seen that we tricked my father; they are now trying to overtake us and bring me back. Now good counsel and great caution will be needed!"

Not in vain did Kärigo belong to the honored race of Kallo, the famed shaman. Although he had not the shaman's all-wise Tonto, nor the use of the sacred Kobdas, still he knew much of magic art, and had learned many power-words and gan-words. Now he brought forth a strip of reindeer hide in which his father had tied three knots, and in each knot a terrible wind-spirit was imprisoned. The first one was of moderate power, the second one was much more powerful, and the third one was the most terrible wind-spirit ever captured by a shaman.



## The Giant's Daughter

---

When Kärigo had untied the first knot, a fair breeze filled the sails of their ship, and they raced away from the copper boat. But the brothers still followed the ship. In their rage they rowed with all their might. The sweat ran down their foreheads, almost blinding them. After some time of such rowing they began to gain upon the ship; Tjalmi could even hear their loud curses. To her husband she spoke once more: "Good counsel we need now; fearful rage is seething in the hearts of my brothers; their hatred gives them double strength."

Kärigo turned to the wisest and the oldest of his men and asked him if the ship would hold together if a terribly strong wind should be turned loose.

"Strong are the masts, and new are the sails," said he who had been asked.

The second knot was untied.

The storm-spirits came roaring over the sea, and the waves rose and dashed against the vessel and drove it forward; the sails were puffed out to almost the bursting-point; the masts seemed ready to snap off. The sons of the giant were left far behind. Their wrath was fearful to behold; and still Tjalmi heard their curses and their threats to kill those who were on the ship as soon as they reached it. Turning to Kärigo, she spoke with fear in her heart:



## Lapland Legends

---

“Husband mine, comrade belovèd,  
Lo! your bride must now implore you.  
Save us from my angry brothers!  
Fear within my heart is stirring;  
And these roaring winds, these billows  
Mountain-high, shall soon destroy us.  
High above the dread winds howling,  
Do I hear my brothers’ curses.  
Brief it was, our life together;  
Scarcely knew we one another.  
And, meseems, my brothers’ hatred  
Now shall send us to destruction.”

But Kärigo still had faith in his father’s power-words; and the third and most terrible wind-spirit was still left in the knot. Once more he turned to the oldest sailor and asked him: “Can the ship withstand a still stronger wind?”

The man roared above the storm: “Strongly built is the vessel; sound are the masts and new are the sails. But all-powerful is the hand of the great Jubmel.”

At these words Kärigo untied the third knot. Now the most fearful of storm-spirits was set free. Such a storm had not raged since Jubmel had reversed the world.

The old songs relate:

“Jubmel, powerful lord of heaven,  
Turned his wrath against the giants—

## The Giant's Daughter

---

Mighty storm-wind, Bjeggogalles'  
Eldest son, the dreadful north-wind.  
Masts are bending, sails are bulging;  
Tossed up skyward is the vessel,  
To sink down in fearful hollows  
Between waves like lofty mountains—  
Tossed to right, to left, and forward.  
As if sinking to the bottom  
Seemed the Sameh's sturdy vessel  
To the helpless, weeping Tjalmi.

In vain did the three brothers try to reach the ship which was bearing their sister away. With black hatred in their hearts they turned back to the hall of their blind father.

But the fearless Kärge and his wife and their crew of brave sailors, all unharmed, reached the land of Sameh. Justly and equally did Kärge divide the giant's gifts with his sailors; and they all held their leader in great honor. Tjalmi and her Sameh-mate lived together contentedly during many sun-rounds, amidst the other children of the sun-god; and they became the parents of sturdy and wise children, some of whom later became leaders among the Sameh-land dwellers.

## The Son of Pischan-Paschan

**T**HE stories tell about a brave and reckless man of Beijve's race who lived alone near the border of the land of the giants. Sameh-land and this land of giants were separated only by the high mountains known as the Urab. (Perhaps in the later ages this name was changed to Ural.) The name of the brave Sameh-son was Pischan-Paschan, and he had his viste at the foot of the mountain, not far from the dwelling of one of the giants and his daughter. The Sameh-son herded his tame reindeer; the maiden watched her father's smooth-horned cattle.

One day the two young people met, and love sprang into being between them. Afterward they often met in secret. The giant's daughter had a great love in her heart for the Sameh-son, who was comely and fearless; and he, in return, loved the maiden better than anyone he had ever seen in Sameh-land.

But one day the giant himself came upon them while they were in each other's arms. Raging at such a sight, he drove his spear through Pischan-Paschan, who fell down dead. In great fear, the daughter fled from her father's wrath. But the giant took all of Pischan-Paschan's reindeer; also his treasures and his land.

## The Son of Pischan-Paschan

---

Meanwhile, the daughter had made for herself a hut in the wildwoods, as she had seen the poorer sun-children do; and when her time was rounded out she gave birth to a son. For some time she stayed in the hut, being in great need. But Beijen-Neita stepped down to earth and helped her, for the sun-god's daughter knew that the son of Pischan-Paschan would become a powerful warrior and that he would in time lead the sun-children in battle against the giants.

Beijen-Neita led the mother and the child into Sameh-land, and the giant's daughter was regarded as one of the sun-children. Meanwhile, the kindly gods poured much wisdom into the head of Pischan-Paschan's son. The lad grew into a fair-haired, stately, and comely young man.

Only one thing troubled his mind. All the other young lads whom he knew had fathers; he alone could not relate deeds of daring and prowess performed by his own father, of whom he had never heard. With humbleness and shame in his heart, he sought his mother and asked her: "Who is my father? I crave to know."

But his mother replied sadly, "My son, you are without a father."

In a plaintive voice the son of Pischan-Paschan sang:

## Lapland Legends

---

“Mother, I have deeply pondered;  
And I know that all-wise Jubmel  
Through the power of Mader-Akka  
Calls forth living things in nature.  
Kassa-Moudda got his she-bear,  
And the elk-bull got his female;  
Ptarmigan and speckled wood-hen  
Call their mates to guard their nestlings;  
But you, mother, got no husband—  
No one to hold place of honor  
In our viste by the fire;  
No one I can call a father.  
I sprang not from chilly snowdrift,  
Like the age-old Nischergurgje,  
Nor from earth or rock or water,  
Nor from air or scorching fire:  
Tell, I pray, who is my father.”

Thus, time and time again, he pleaded with his mother to learn the name of his father. But the giant's daughter still feared her own people and dared not tell her son that his father had been slain. More than anything else did she fear that her son would go into the land of the giants and try to avenge his father's death. One day she replied thus to his pleadings:

“Patience, son; your stalwart father  
Went away to hunt the elk-bulls  
And to bring the largest of them  
With him, living, to our viste.”

## The Son of Pischan-Paschan

---

The son of Pischan-Paschan was not content with this reply. Alone, and without any weapons, he went into the forest and captured a live bear, which he brought home and flung at his mother's feet. Thus he spoke:

“When the elk-bull of my father  
Shall be laid alive before you,  
Then my father shall in wonder  
Find great Kassa-Moudda, old man,  
Ruler of the untrod forests,  
Honey-paw and furry growler  
From the woodlands and the marshes,  
Here before him, as a sample  
Of his own son's strength and cunning.  
Now, dear mother, name my father.”

Never, not even among her own race, had she seen a more daring deed performed. Truly, her son was a worthy Sameh-child. Therefore, with pride, she told him that he was the son of Pischan-Paschan.

“But,” said he, “tell me where I can find him. I have never beheld him.”

For a little longer the mother refused to tell the rest of the tale; but one day when her son threatened to loose the bear upon her she told her story:

“Son, before you saw the daylight,  
While beneath my heart you rested,

## Lapland Legends

---

Unborn still, the sacred life-fruit  
Of your brave and comely father  
And of me, a giant's daughter,  
Child of Urab's hoary giant,  
All my people hated Sameh,  
Hated all the sun-bright children—  
Only I, who loved and mated  
With your father, Pischan-Paschan.  
With his songs and gentle wooing  
Did your father gain my favor.  
But the cruel and uncouth giant  
One day found your father with me.  
Cunningly he stole behind us,  
Ran his huge spear through my lover.  
Thus destroyed was Pischan-Paschan.  
But I fled the giant's anger  
While he stole the gleaming reindeer  
And the grazing-grounds and treasures  
Which belonged to Pischan-Paschan.  
Never dared I seek my kindred.  
In a lonely hut I bided  
Weary moon-rounds, till one morning  
You were born, as golden Beijve  
Showed his face above the hill-tops.  
Thus was born my only life-fruit—  
Mine and Pischan-Paschan's offspring.  
Therefore, son, I always warned you  
Not to tread the shores of Baikal  
Nor go near the fearsome Urab,



## The Son of Pischan-Paschan

---

Where still dwells my aged father,  
Filled with hatred of the Sameh,  
Plotting wickedness, and boasting  
That he once killed Pischan-Paschan."

When the mother had ended her woeful tale a great anger rose in the heart of her son, and straightway he made to himself a solemn promise that he would bring about the punishment of his father's slayer. He bade the shamans and the older and wiser men of his tribe to sit with him in council; and he asked them to aid him with weapons and men, so that he would be able to go into the land of the giants and kill the one who had made him fatherless. All the shamans and all the wise men of Beijve's people were eager to help the son of Pischan-Paschan.

Clad in his warrior garb, with a gleaming copper helmet on his head, a copper shield, and a huge broadsword at his side, and armed with spear and bow and arrows, the young warrior bade his mother farewell. But the giant's daughter had great fear in her heart, knowing as she did the power and cunning of her own people. He embraced her and spoke words of cheer and comfort to her; then, as leader, he set out with the other brave Sameh-men for the stronghold of the giants. Proudly did the son of Pischan-Paschan lead his men, and a braver or wiser leader they could never wish for.

## Lapland Legends

---

Stalwart grown, and broad of shoulder,  
One head taller than his comrades,  
Broad of chest, with limbs like tree-trunks,  
Helmet gleaming, eyes a-smoulder,  
Filled with fearlessness and wisdom,  
Copper spear his right hand grasping,  
Copper shield his left hand swinging,  
Forth he goes to meet the giants.

Thus the Sameh-sons set out. All were arrayed in warriors' trappings, and among them were their most skilled shamans with their magic Kobdas. After some journeying through trackless forests they saw the stronghold of their enemy far off among the mountains. Tidings of their coming had already reached the giants; and they, with deadly black art, had raised a dreadful storm and a great downpour of rain and hail which loosened the rocks and the boulders beside the cliff-paths of the Sameh-children. But the shamans had foretold this danger, and their men were safely sheltered while the storm raged and during the dread darkness which fell among the mountains, lighted only by flashes of lightning. All through the storm the shamans beat their Kobdas and sang the holy songs. At last the storm-spirits flew back to their dark home, the fire-serpents hid among the cloud-caves, and the voice of the thunder was silent. The Sameh-

## The Son of Pischan-Paschan

---

people sent their glad song of thanksgiving to the high gods.

After some time they drew near to the dwelling of the giant. They saw a very high barrier made out of poles, and on each pole was the skull of a slain foe. In the rear of this barrier was a dreadful pit full of writhing, hissing, poisonous serpents. Into it many a luckless human being had been cast, to be strangled and eaten by these loathsome creatures. At a distance they saw the giant himself, with a number of men. The son of Pischan-Paschan went bravely forward, pulled up a pole, and held forth the skull. "Old man, tell me whose skull is this?" he roared.

"That is only the skull of Pischan-Paschan," snorted the giant.

Upon hearing this mocking answer, the leader of the Sameh warriors became so filled with rage that he would have rushed upon the giant at once, and been dealt with in the manner of his father, had he not been held back by his own men. But he cried out to the giant: "If you are the chief of these men, then you must fight in their stead, as I am going to fight in behalf of my own men."

This the giant agreed to do. It was planned that the two should first fight with bows and arrows; then spears should be tried; next there was to be a sword-bout; and last they were to

## Lapland Legends

---

wrestle. Each side swore sacred oaths that the defeat or victory of the leader should be counted as belonging to all the men on their own side.

The single combat began. Meanwhile the wizards of the giant country used their most potent magic and called forth the under-world spirits to lend their aid. The sons of Beijve sang their holy songs to the gods of the light-world; their shamans beat their Kobdas and spoke their most powerful gan-words.

The giant let fly a red-hot arrow against the son of his own daughter; but it was nimbly caught upon the copper shield.

"What made my arrow so dull?" roared the giant.

"The sharp teeth of Pischan-Paschan," came the answer.

Now the giant used all his skill and strength in aiming the great spear against his enemy. But the spear was swiftly grasped as it flew through the air, and the Sameh-warrior broke it into little bits and flung it aside.

"What stopped my spear?" quavered the giant.

"The teeth of Pischan-Paschan, to be sure," was the reply.

Now the huge creature began to understand that he was facing no ordinary foe, and that his day of reckoning had come. Shaking with a

## The Son of Pischan-Paschan

---

great chilling fear, he fled to his dwelling. But he was closely followed by the wrathful Sameh-son. Inside the door hung his two-edged sword, which was so heavy that it took two men to lift it. This fearsome weapon the giant hurled at his foe. But the young warrior parried so skillfully that it was broken in two. With a scornful laugh the Sameh-son kicked the broken sword aside and went in chase of his father's slayer.

"What broke my two-edged blade?" asked the giant.

"Pischan-Paschan's teeth," the answer came again.

The giant now gathered all his power and courage and went bodily at his foe. But the great gods gave to the Sameh-son unearthly strength, and he had soon cast his father's slayer to the ground. Kneeling on his huge, heaving chest, the young warrior said:

"Old one, now your days are numbered;  
Weak and helpless here beneath me,  
Fear is clutching at your life-springs.  
All your men have seen your weakness;  
Pischan-Paschan's teeth are powerful;  
Although dead, he still can rend you,  
Tear you into tiny tatters.

"If I spare your life, and let you  
Go away, you leave behind you

## Lapland Legends

---

All the treasures and the reindeer  
Stolen once from Pischan-Paschan.  
Or perchance, in heavy shackles,  
I shall lead you back to Sameh  
As my slave, to feel the lashings  
Of the rod and carry burdens.

“Where are hid the gold and treasures  
Stolen when you killed my father?  
Where am I to find them? Once more  
Choose, if freedom fair or bondage  
Shall be yours from this day onward.”

In his fear the giant forgot his promise not to  
call upon his men for help, and cried out to his  
warriors:

“Come and help your struggling master,  
Downed by Pischan-Paschan’s offspring,  
Borne by my accursèd daughter.”

But none of his men dared come forward, so  
powerful was the oath they had sworn. Left thus  
in the power of his foe, the giant spoke:

“Pischan-Paschan’s death-look haunts me,  
Balefully, with powerful magic,  
Taunting me, my powers draining.  
In your arms I feel his sinews.



## The Son of Pischan-Paschan

---

'Gainst your mother's kin you struggle:  
In your hands I am like water.  
I cannot bring back your father  
To this life, nor heal his death-wound,  
Nor restore his blood and sinews."

The son of Pischan-Paschan did not heed the pleading of his foe; instead he shook him so hard that the ground trembled near and far. Meanwhile he spoke harshly to the giant:

"Name your choice—freedom or bondage?  
Hand me over herds and treasures  
And the grazing-ground my father  
Held on slopes of mighty Urab.  
Will you give your own child's offspring  
All of that which was his father's  
When his life you took in anger?  
Shall my men in loathsome fetters  
Lead you to the land of Sameh,  
There in shame to face the daughter  
Whom you robbed of mate and life-joy?"

But the giant, being both miserly and a coward, began to bargain with his daughter's son, offering him gifts of gold and silver if he and his men would depart in peace. The Sameh-warrior was not to be bribed with miserly gifts; he wanted what rightly belonged to him. Once more he asked the giant to make his choice. At



## Lapland Legends

---

last, knowing that too great a power was against him, the giant gave in to his daughter's son:

“Spare my life, brave son of Sameh;  
Shed not blood while anger prompts you.  
Willingly I'll flee and leave you  
All I took from Pischan-Paschan;  
And my men, they too shall follow  
Their old chieftain in his wanderings.  
You shall have the herds and treasures.  
But one flock, I beg you, leave us.  
Far off, past the Baikal shore-line,  
By Staiberna and the Reppe  
And the rivers Amar, Lena,  
We shall find the needed shelter.”

Pischan-Paschan's son thought of his father's death at the hand of this selfsame giant, and of his mother's grief and hardship. A great wrath rose in his heart, and he took the hoary, wicked head of the giant between his two hands and with all his power knocked it against the stone floor of the hall, crushing the skull.

The Sameh-children buried the slain foe in a near-by swamp. The huge body sank deeply into the muck and the mire. Thus buried, the evil Jabmek had not the power to return and do harm among the living. With numberless reindeer and great herds of smooth-horned beasts,

## The Son of Pischan-Paschan

---

and loaded down with gold and silver and costly weapons, the sun-children returned to their own land.

Light of heart, and treasure-laden,  
All turned safely back to Sameh;  
Met they were by joyous women  
Who embraced their unharmed warriors;  
Thanked they Jubmel and great Beijve  
For their aid, and offered gladly  
Snow-white vajas to the high gods.

On the slopes of mighty Urab  
Once more gleamed the ruddy fire  
From each happy Sameh-viste;  
And their herds increased, and paeans  
Rose to Beijve and great Jubmel  
From the thankful Sameh-children.

Pischan-Paschan's son became the greatest man of his tribe and was hailed as their leader. Had he not overcome and killed in single-handed combat the dreaded giant of the Urab? Had not the great gods given him power and wisdom to set out and avenge the death of his father?

## The Wanderings of the Sun-children

**A**FTER the Sameh-people had begun to mingle with other races they were led into ill luck and trials unknown to them in the good days of the earlier ages. Although there were many stout-hearted men among them, they were not a race which loved strife and warfare; but their foes were becoming numerous, and tried to overpower the Sameh-children and to drive them from their land.

Amongst themselves they often said that those huge warfaring men who came to destroy them were sent by Skamotes, who was always plotting evil against the sun-children. Therefore they were often downcast in their hearts, and their joyful songs no longer rose to the high gods. Instead they sang:

“By our gods we are forsaken.  
Strange men come here to destroy us.  
Want is guest in every village;  
Famine sits in every viste.”

Thus they sang, sadly and with deep dread in their hearts.

Beijen-Neita, the loving mother of all the Sameh-people, could not see their suffering without wishing to lend them her aid. Therefore, once more she came down from Savio-aimo, to dwell for a space in the earth-lands.

## The Sun-Children

---

Among the men of Kallo's race was one named Toivo, which in the Sameh-speech means "Full of Hope."

One day while Toivo was out in the forest hunting wild deer, he came upon a fair maiden asleep under a tree. For some time he tarried by her side, not wishing to awake her; but at last she opened her eyes, which were of the bluest blue of the fringed gentian.

"Who are you, comeliest of all maidens, and whence come you?" asked the hunter.

She, who had been fashioned from the tears and the smile of the sun-god, answered: "From Beijve's land do I come, and I am bidden to tell you and your race of the treasures waiting in the mid-earth for the children of Sameh."

At these strange words Toivo said: "'Full of Hope' is the meaning of my name, but never did I hear such tidings."

Together they set out for the village of the hunter. Here Beijen-Neita told the gathered sun-children about the land on the other side of Jähtasan-maa, and about the good days that were to come to the race of Sameh—who, having met so many hardships and faced so many dangers in their dealings with other races, were not very eager to wander into other lands seeking the sun-hoard.

However, Beijen-Neita became the wife of

## Lapland Legends

---

Toivo, and after due time she gave him two sons who were born on the same day. The first-born was named Jalok, which means "the Brave One." Tjorges, "the Strong One," was the name given to the younger brother.

Rapidly the two lads grew into manhood. Both were stately and had more wisdom than other men in Sameh-land. Many were the holy songs and the prophecies of better days to come which they learned from their mother.

From Beijen-Neita the other women in the village also learned many useful things. She taught them to spin and weave, and to fashion garments from the cured hides of the reindeer; but best of all she taught them to pray to the high gods and to make offerings each day to Jubmel and Beijve in token of gratitude.

Then came a time when Beijen-Neita went away from the village—whither, no one knew. Now they all began to understand that once more the daughter of the sun-god had come to live amongst them; and they began to treasure the tales, the songs, and the teachings which she had so lovingly given them. There also arose among the people the cry: "Let us go forth and seek the good land! Here we shall be destroyed by our foes, or by hunger. A great land of plenty awaits us! Why do we tarry here?"

But the aged and the cautious ones said:

## The Sun-Children

---

"Who is able to lead us? Who is wise enough? And who will aid us in all the dangers we might meet? Who knows the way to the good land?"

Some of the Sameh-children cried: "Jalok shall be our leader!"

Others said: "No, Tjorges shall bring us safely to the land of abundance."

The brothers loved each other dearly; and Tjorges, the last-born, said to his elder brother: "To you, the elder, the leadership must go."

To this Jalok replied: "Not so, my brother! You, who are the strongest of Sameh-sons, must lead us all to the good land."

In the council-place the words of both brothers were held in the same high regard; for they never went against each other, and they always remembered Beijve's command:

*"Brother must not hate his brother."*

There came one day into Sameh-land a number of strangers, tall and fearsome to behold, bestriding huge beasts. They came down upon the people like a dread storm-wind. "Verily, some evil beings sent by Skamotes to destroy us," wailed the fleeing Samehs. They saw these dread men on their strange beasts ride over their land, take the fattest of their tamed reindeer, and outrage those of their maidens and comely young wives who had not already fled.

"Let us go at once and seek the good land of



## Lapland Legends

---

plenty," all the Sameh-people said as once more they gathered for counsel. "Here, we shall surely fall before the gleaming swords wielded by the servants of Skamotes. No longer do the high gods hold their hands over this land."

"The forests hold no greater terror than being rent by the wild beasts or dying from lack of food; but if we stay here we shall be destroyed by cruel hordes of foes sent upon the earth by the moon-god's daughter," said the wise ones of their race.

"But who shall lead us?" again asked the people.

The oldest and the wisest men in Sameh now divided themselves into two sides. One claimed Jalok for their leader; the other was eager to have Tjorges. But when all the people heard that they were to divide into two flocks, a great clamoring began; for none would give up their own leader, and neither would they divide. They almost came to blows among themselves, and they would not listen to the wise men and the shamans.

Then, hand in hand, the two brothers came before their people and spoke to all who would listen: "Let us not bicker over small things. Our people are numerous enough to divide into two equal flocks. We might go by different paths seeking the good land. None knows the way.



## The Sun-Children

---

Let us go in opposite directions, in the manner of our forefather Battje and the fair Nanna. Thus we shall surely be led to the good land in which the high gods want us to dwell."

This speech was received with favor by both sides; and eagerly did all the Samehs prepare for the long wandering. Their herds and household goods they took with them.

Jalok and his people went toward the north. Large was his following, and bravely did they set out, led by Toivo's eldest son, whose name meant "the Brave One."

Tjorges and his people turned their faces toward the south. The beating of the Kobdas and the shamans' songs cheered the wanderers. High and fearsome mountains covered with everlasting snow soon barred their way, and seemed like huge, snarling beasts ready to destroy. But their wise leader found hidden passes through which he took the people and their herds. Once more they came to mountains with jagged ice-peaks which vanished among chill gray clouds. Even here Tjorges found hidden ways for his followers, and after some hardship they came into deep forests and went through fertile valleys traversed by slow-flowing rivers. They saw huge human beings who dwelt in villages and whose terrifying weapons gleamed like the full moon upon ice. These people seemed ready to fight for

## Lapland Legends

---

their home-sites, and the Samehs were eager to pass out of this land.

From all these signs Tjorges knew that the land they were seeking could not be in this direction. Therefore he changed their course. Trials of many kinds were met and bravely overcome. A number of his followers, however, died from some strange fever. Others, not brave enough to go forward, stayed behind and became slaves of the people with the gleaming weapons.

After many sun-rounds Tjorges and his people came to a strait called Jutas. After many failures they were at last able to get themselves and their herds across. But a little beyond this strait they found another, the Datjas; and here their hardships were even greater than at the first. But finally they had all crossed over; and they gave thank-offerings to the gods.

Continuing their wandering, they came to a still wider strait, the Skone-tjalme. And now even the bravest among them became downcast. "Is it the will of the gods that we get across?" they asked their shamans. Tjorges, now an old man, told his people to make boats of reindeer hides and bent birch saplings. In these frail crafts the aged, the little children, and the women were safely carried across; the reindeer and the men swam over, each man holding on to a swimming beast.

## The Sun-Children

---

When they reached the farther shore of this wide strait, they sent up burnt-offerings to the gods. Looking about them, they were overjoyed to find this a very good land. The people here were small in stature and, like themselves, peaceful; they withdrew into the dense forests rather than remain and mingle with the invaders. Soon it was said among the Sameh-people that these inhabitants were of their own race; that they had long ago wandered away seeking homesites, and had come upon this good land and remained in it. Of them the old songs relate:

“Laughed we when we saw their simple dwellings,

Now deserted among the silent forests.

All of them had sought new homes and safety,

When we came upon them without warning.

Lacked they skill and cleverness and cunning.

Scooped-out soapstone were their cooking-vessels;

Massive boulders their sole means of routing

Human foe and prowler of the forest.

Just so we lived ere good Beijen-Neita

Came amongst us to impart her wisdom

To us, children of her shining father.

Now we saw that these were Beijve's offspring,

Children of our fair and loving mother,

And had lived as other human beings.”

## Lapland Legends

---

Thus, at last, Tjorges and his people found the good land where they could feed their herds, and forests where they could hide if mighty foes should come upon them.

Meanwhile, Jalok and his followers had wandered toward the north. After many sun-rounds they, too, found a good land, as had been foretold by Beijen-Neita. She, their loving mother, so guided their steps that the two flocks of wandering Sameh-children met in the good land. When the time came for the two brothers to leave this life, Jubmel took Tjorges and Jalok, shaped them into two stars, and set them side by side in the sky to remind the people of these two brothers who had led them into the good land.

But the story of Jalok, and of the hardships of his people, will be told in another tale.

## The Tale about Jalok and the Roiters

**B**RAVELY, under Jalok's command, the sun-children set forth with their faces toward the north to find the good land. Many were the trials and dangers they met during their wandering. Through deep gloomy forests and across rushing rivers and frozen lakes they wearily wended their way. The holy songs, the beating of the Kobdas, and the tales cherished from the time when Beijen-Neita had lived among them helped to keep them brave and cheerful. The stars shone down upon the wanderers; and the eyes of Jubmel's vaja were brighter than the other stars, and very much closer to the earth. To the weary people these two stars spoke of hope and gave them the assurance that the great god would never forget his earth-children. For more than a hundred moon-rounds the Sameh-people wandered, seeking the good land which had been promised to them in the holy songs and by the words of Beijen-Neita, who was also the mother of Jalok, their leader.

However, some of the people began to lament because they had not followed Tjorges; for surely he and his followers had long ago reached the good land! They now came to a country where there were many lakes, with only narrow strips of land between; there were also dreary,

## Lapland Legends

---

desolate swamp-lands. The Sameh-people had never seen such sights, and they thought they had come to the place where the dread gate to Rotaimo opens.

Evil spirits hovered about their tents in the night-time, and blew their poisonous breaths over the sleepers, and flung cold and heavy vapors over the land. Fearsome giant-like shapes prowled about the camp in the dark; and many of the Sameh-children vanished, never again to be seen.

More and more of Jalok's followers began to grumble; and they made up this lament:

"On this bewildering and tiresome pathway  
The promised land we are forever seeking.  
Did Beijen-Neita, then, forsake her children?  
How fare our brothers, they who went with  
Tjorges?  
Did swamps and mist-hung barren mountain-  
slopes  
Meet the sad eyes of the weary wanderers?  
With herbs and berries we must still our hun-  
ger.  
The quaking marshlands would be sure to swal-  
low  
Us, if over them we sought our passage.  
Fears clutch our hearts in the dread and dreary  
night-time,

## Jalok and the Roiters

---

When, huge and shapeless, mist-forms strange  
and chilly

Hover close around our wakeful bedsides."

But Jalok, into whose keeping they had given  
their lives and all their belongings, spoke to his  
people:

"Our fathers sang of the golden treasures,  
A fair and a rich land, far from the home-site,  
And good things hid by the heaven-ruler  
Deep in the mid-earth for Sameh-children.

"Bravely we left beloved hillsides,  
Hopefully seeking the hidden treasures—  
Richest of gold, and silver gleaming,  
Rivers of milk, and, weighted with cheese-  
fruit,  
The ever-green trees of the promised country.

"Misty and evil came dark apparitions  
Sent from Rotaimo by Mano's pale daughter,  
Spirits that whisper to fear-haunted mankind,  
Shall not bring our courage and hope into  
nothing.

But if we heed them and let their black magic,  
Created by Schlipme and evil Skamotes,  
Cast a dread spell on our hearts, and entice us  
Back on our pathway, back to the starving  
And dangers we fled from when heeding the  
voices



## Lapland Legends

---

Deep in our souls about treasures awaiting,  
Meant for a tie that shall bind us together—  
Then, in the future, the greed of our foemen  
May bring them again to the land of the Sameh,  
Ruthless in quest of our god-given sun-hoard.”

Thus Jalok spoke to his people. But the evil spirits had poured doubt into the hearts of many; and these doubters tried to drag a number of the still hopeful ones over to their own side. But, seeing wicked thoughts in the eyes of these, the leader asked all who had faith in his skill and power to remain with him; and he promised that, with the aid of the high gods, he would bring them safely to the land of abundance.

Many of the doubtful ones came over to his side; but those who had listened to Schlipme's and Skamotes' false promises remained behind and let the mist and the darkness hide them from the other sun-children. In later times those who stayed behind became known as the Suomiet,\* which means “swamp dwellers.”

Jalok and his followers wandered bravely forward, led by the loving Beijen-Neita and cheered

\* Suomiet. A word meaning swamp-land. The Finns call their land Suomi. It is plainly seen in this story that the Lapps wandered across Finland and into Sweden. It may be that they were able to pass dry-shod over what is now known as the Aland Islands into Sweden.

## Jalok and the Roiters

---

by the holy songs. Their voices rose and fell to the beat of their steps and reached the darkest places of the forests and drove away the nether-world beings. The good spirits of Viros-akka,† the goddess of the forests, came forth and cleared paths for the wanderers; and all the kindly earth-spirits joined in the wandering-song of the sun-children:

“Let us sing the song of gladness!  
We are Beijve’s sun-bright children;  
And our mother, Beijen-Neita,  
Gave a promise when she left us  
That her hand should guide our footsteps  
To a land of golden treasures  
Hidden for us by great Jubmel  
Near his loving vaja’s heart.  
And once more to faithful Sameh  
Shall come days like gentle south-winds—  
Days of peace and days of plenty!”

Thus sang Jalok’s people as, with new-born hope, they pressed bravely onward. While they sang they felt as if their hearts were beating time to the heart of Jubmel’s vaja; far and wide did the echo of the wandering-song roll. Even down into dark Rotaimo its echo reached, and

† Viros-akka. The goddess ruling over the forests and the animals.

## Lapland Legends

Skamotes gnashed her yellow beast-fangs in rage and tore her hair as she hastened to seek Schlipme, the under-world shaman.

The black-art magician was willing to lend his aid to the moon-god's daughter; he brought out his divining-drum and spoke dreadful words of evil magic. With gan-words he changed himself into a reindeer bull, larger than any ever seen before; and in this shape he went up on earth to harm the Sameh-children.

Meanwhile, Jalok and his people had come to a stretch of hills; and the leader took Harajas, his wisest and most powerful shaman, up to the highest hill to look about for a likely grazing-ground for the reindeer. As they stood looking over the hills they saw a great reindeer bull come toward them.

"Behold, here seems to be good grazing! See yonder bull; he is large, well-fed, and sleek," Jalok said to his shaman.

But Harajas laughed. "That is only Schlipme, sent up from Rotaimo by Skamotes; him I do not fear."

By the aid of his good magic Harajas quickly changed himself into a powerful reindeer bull, huge and stately, with great antlers. Schlipme ran up to his foe, and soon the clashing of their antlers rang out over the hillsides. Their nostrils blew forth great sheaves of flames that scorched

## Jalok and the Roiters

---

the grass round about them; and the pounding of their hoofs sounded like far-away thunder.

With awe did Jalok witness this battle; and, fearing for the life of his own shaman, he called in a loud voice to Nischergurgje, the old-time shaman, whom Jubmel himself had created and sent to the sun-children to teach them wisdom and good magic.

Stately and powerful as of old came the first shaman at the call of Jalok. Quietly he stood beside the Sameh leader and watched the onslaught of Schlipme upon Harajas. At last Jalok's shaman began to falter and sway, as if about to fall to the ground.

Now Nischergurgje raised the hammer and struck nine terrible blows on his Kobdas. They were like thunder, and they made the earth rock. At each blow a fierce gray wolf leaped forth; all nine magic-made creatures flung themselves upon the reindeer bull who was Schlipme; and in rage and fear he set off over the hills, with the nine wolves tearing at his flanks. The wicked shaman cried out:

“Voi! Voi! scrawny gray-side!  
Voi! Voi! slinky long-tail!  
Old, old trick I see!  
Clever trick by aged shaman.  
Nischergurgje helped Harajas—  
May Rotaimo's curses slay him!”

## Lapland Legends

---

Now the sun-children, all of whom had witnessed the battle between the two reindeer bulls and seen Nischergurgje come to aid one of the huge creatures, understood and knew that Jubmel wanted them to reach the good land safely. However, they tarried on the fair hills for a brief spell of rest before they set out again on their search for the land of abundance. All were content, and no longer did illness and fever-fancies trouble them; again their joyful wandering-song rang out over the hills and through the forests.

This glad song caused Skamotes and Schlipme to plot new evils which were to befall the Sameh-children. After some time the wanderers came to high hills and gloomy valleys covered with dark forests, and beyond these loomed high and forbidding mountains. Among these hills and valleys lived a stunted, mean-hearted race of human beings who had their dwellings in dug-outs and rock-caves. Their speech was harsh and unlovely, like the barking of angry dogs; they were a race called the Roiters. To these people Schlipme came in the shape of a harmless wayfarer; he tarried among them, and with evil magic he fashioned for them a number of fearsome gleaming weapons. He taught them the use of these weapons, saying that a horde of people would soon invade their land, kill and drive them away to the mountains, and take

## Jalok and the Roiters

---

their land from them. When he had thus armed and taught the Roiters, Schlipme went back to Rotaimo; for he feared the shaman Harajas and his magic.

When the Sameh-children tried to cross this land they were rushed upon by numberless Roiters, who with their gleaming swords slew many of Jalok's bravest men. But the wise Harajas soon learned from the flitting of the Arpa upon his Kobdas that all this was the work of Schlipme and Skamotes. He now called Jalok and the wise men among the wanderers to a council-meeting. Even among these men there were some who wanted to return to the land they had left; but Jalok urged them to be patient a little while, for the high gods would again help them—Jubmel was merely trying the faith of his children. "Soon we shall reach the good land and be at peace," he told his grumbling, weary people.

Now Harajas, their shaman, stepped before the people and, beating his Kobdas, sang:

"Dark-world foes have planned our downfall—  
Evil wishers from Rotaimo.  
Vile Skamotes, cunning Schlipme,  
By their evil moon-god magic  
Fashioned swords for heedless Roiters,  
To be turned on peaceful Sameh.



## Lapland Legends

---

Let us meet their dark-world magic  
With the holy, potent gan-words  
Taught by Jubmel's own wise shaman.  
I shall use the mighty power-words  
Whispered to me by the Tonto;  
Kallo's craft and Nischergurgje's  
Age-old might shall surely scatter  
Black-art powers and unclean spirits;  
Let us once more prove the high gods  
Will give aid to men who trust them."

With joyous shouts and with faith once more made strong, they all asked Jalok to bid his shaman try his most potent gan-words, his holiest songs, and the power-words whispered by the Tonto. Gladly did Jalok bid Harajas use all his art and, by the aid of the all-wise spirit who dwelt in the Kobdas, rout their foes and help the Sameh-people to overcome the plottings of Skamotes. The good shaman shut himself up in his tent and began to beat his Kobdas. First softly as far-off trampling of herds of reindeer, then louder and faster, did the hammer strike the sacred drum. Meanwhile Harajas sang the holy songs. With joy the sun-children heard how the nether-world beings howled in helpless rage, rendered powerless by this good magic. Jubmel's obloes and Bjeggogalles' storm-spirits were turned loose upon the earth; even Beijve was



## Jalok and the Roiters

---

commanded by his father to hide his face, and a night-black pall hung over the world. In terror themselves, the Sameh-children watched the tent of their shaman.

Then from out the darkness came a loud cry, as of a far-off sea-eagle, and once more the sun shone forth; the darkness had passed. The shaman came out of his tent and spoke: "Good advice has been given to me by the Tonto. We must make a great burnt-offering to the gods."

Many stately reindeer were brought forward and killed as an offering. But when the Sameh-people, as was their custom, wanted to eat of the roasted flesh of the sacrifice, the shaman forbade them to do so: "No child of Sameh must eat of the meat of this offering—let the Roiters have it all, so that they may remember the offspring of Beijve for all ages to come!" With wonder did they hear this, but they abided by the shaman's words. Meanwhile, Harajas made many signs over the roasted meat and spoke fearsome power-words. Then, at a sign from their shaman, all the Sameh-people vanished and hid in the forests.

But the Roiters, drawn to the place of sacrifice by the smell of the roasting meat, cast themselves upon this food and ate. Although they were gluttons, there was enough for all. But as soon as the meat reached their stomachs they

## Lapland Legends

---

were all changed into little barking animals, and their gleaming weapons became sharp white teeth. Biting and yapping at each other, they rushed away to their earth-holes and rock-caves. Schlipme himself could not help them nor change them back into human shapes; for they had fed upon the meat of a sacrifice which they had not themselves provided. Thus the Roiters were changed into hated lemurs—evil, loathsome and hated animals which still have the same destructive natures, and which descend into the valleys every third sun-round and devour all growing things.

And the Sameh-people, led by Jalok and Hara-jas, found at last their brothers who had gone with Tjorges. Great was their joy when they found each other; and their many tales of hardships and dangers overcome proved to them that they were still guarded by loving Beijen-Neita and the high gods.

## The Stalo and Potto-Podnie

WHEN at last Jalok and his people came to the good land, they, like Tjorges and his followers, found other people there before them who were so nearly like themselves that the Sameh-children fell to thinking of them as belonging to their own race. They were a peace-loving people, and for many sun-rounds they dwelt with Jalok's followers in this land. Each tribe had land set apart for grazing-ground and home-sites. In this good land food and grazing for the herds were plentiful. The sun-children could make daily burnt-offerings to the gods from the fattest reindeer; and their glad songs rose clear and full to the heavens. They even reached the dark-world; and hateful thoughts again began to whirl about in the head of Skamotes, and again she tried to destroy the Sameh-folk.

This time she sent a horde of powerful strangers with sharp weapons to make an end of the happy people. These men were tall in stature, strong, cruel, and greedy for gold, and their weapons, like those of the Roiters, were made of a shining, biting substance which was hard and cold and gleamed like moonbeams upon ice. Against these weapons the Kobdas' magic seemed powerless. Once more the sun-children

## Lapland Legends

---

sought shelter in the forests and among the mountains.

It is told that among the Sameh-sons there lived a man whose name was Potto-Podnie, "the Ever-Ready One." He had earned this name because he was always ready to aid those who needed his help. He was not a shaman, even though he knew many power-words, had much of the shaman's knowledge, and even owned a Kobdas.

Potto-Podnie had his home near a great stretch of marshland just below a mountain-range among the crags of which lived a great Stalo. The two neighbors seldom saw each other. They lived in peace, with the great marshland between them. Potto-Podnie made offerings to his gods; and the Stalo had a god of his own to whom he prayed and sacrificed.

Thus passed many sun-rounds. But one day Potto-Podnie found that some of his herd of tamed reindeer had been stolen. He took out his Kobdas, and by the flittings of the Arpa among the signs he learned that the Stalo was stealing his herd.

Now, the Sameh-son had been blessed in all his undertakings, and above all he wanted to live in peace with his neighbor. He thought: "If meat is lacking in the Stalo's cooking-pot, I am not

## The Stalo and Potto-Podnie

---

the one to begrudge him a little reindeer now and then."

Potto-Podnie had a comely daughter, Waimo, who had reached the marriageable age. She was sought after by many a stalwart youth, and "spokesmen" from the tribes of Kallo, Beijve, Sirkas, and Tourpen waited upon Potto-Podnie; but the father of the maiden would not force wedlock upon Waimo, "*Loving-Heart.*" At last she became known as "Waimo-Katta," which means "*the Heartless One.*"

One day when Potto-Podnie was out in the forest hunting wild deer, he heard a plaintive voice sing:

"Alone in the forest roaming,  
Stalo the strong was seeking  
A maiden to cheer his sadness.  
Waimo he met on the hillside—  
A maiden so fair and so smiling,  
Heartless the Stalo had thought her;  
But she in the giant's great bosom  
Found love beating madly and truly  
Her warm heart she gave to the Stalo.  
But now, like the fleet-foot wild deer,  
Her steps I can trace near the marshlands;  
No longer she comes to the hillside,  
Where Stalo is ever awaiting  
Her coming, like sun in the springtime."

## Lapland Legends

---

Potto-Podnie pondered a long time upon the song he had heard. When he returned to the viste he found Waimo sitting alone, weeping. He asked her the cause of her grief, but she would give no answer. Her father now began to fear that some Jabmekar craved his daughter. But when the Kobdas was brought out, the friendly drum gave no answer.

Much grieved, Potto-Podnie made the spirit-journey down to Jabmien-aimo and gave a promise to offer a snow-white sacred vaja if the Jabmekars would henceforth leave his daughter alone. But he found that among all the beings in Jabmien-aimo none desired his daughter to come to his shadowy abode.

Another time while out in the forest, Potto-Podnie heard a voice, now full of gladness, sing:

“Joyful once more is the Stalo!  
A heart he has found warmly beating  
In Waimo’s tender white bosom.  
Roaming the woods and the hillsides  
Stalo no longer is lonely.  
A fair mate is his who awaits him  
When he returns to the home-site.”

Over Potto-Podnie’s soul sorrow now cast a black pall. In the evening when he came to the viste he saw that the fire had gone out, and his daughter was nowhere to be found. When he

## The Stalo and Potto-Podnie

---

walked to the edge of the marsh he saw the Stalo's footprints leading away from his own and Waimo's viste.

Next morning Potto-Podnie made himself ready to hunt for his daughter; for this time the Arpa of his Kobdas had pointed toward the dwelling of the Stalo. From his treasure-chest the father of Waimo took a sword which his forebears had found after the Roiters had been turned into lemurs. But when he tried this weapon he saw that it was rusted and broke into little bits—it had been fashioned by evil magic. Now Potto-Podnie saw that he must rely only upon his stone axe. With this thrust into his belt, the father set out for the home of the Stalo.

The giant, through his black magic, had learned that the maiden's father was on his way; and he sent vile spirits to befog the senses of the Sameh-son, so that he wandered about in a circle in the forest during many weary days, unable to find his way. However, after using one power-word Potto-Podnie came upon an old stone image of Jubmel which in an earlier age had been set up in the forest. When he saw this stone god he prayed to it and made offerings; he also prayed his foremother Beijen-Neita to come to his aid. When the offering was done, his senses had cleared and he knew what he was about.



## Lapland Legends

---

Beijen-Neita whispered to Potto-Podnie to go back to the stone god. When he reached it he found that the Stalo-giant was there making sacrifice to the god of the sun-children. From afar he had watched the Sameh pray and make an offering to the god; and he had taken from an earth-cave an ugly little beast of strange shape which he had kept hidden for some time, meaning to offer it to his own Stalo-god.

When Potto-Podnie saw the huge creature before his own god, asking his help, he became wrathful and flung his stone axe at the giant. But by his wicked magic the Stalo had made himself hard, so that the axe could not harm him. Huge and fearful stood the Stalo above the little Sameh-son. He swung his great sword over Potto-Podnie's head and flashed his moonbeam axe before Potto-Podnie's eyes. But the loving Beijen-Neita kept guard over her earth-son, and the axe fell from the Stalo's hand and hit a stone, so that the sparks flew around the Stalo's feet.

Now Potto-Podnie feared the giant no longer. He came close to him, shouting: "Give me back my daughter! Return my Waimo to me!"

"Come and take her if you dare—and if you can find her!" sneered the Stalo.

"Take all my herds and all my treasures—only

## The Stalo and Potto-Podnie

---

give me back Loving Heart!" pleaded the father.

The giant only laughed at the Sameh. "Your herds and your treasures I will take as I need them; but the fair Waimo I shall keep, for we love each other."

Now something like a blood-red cloud passed before the eyes of Potto-Podnie. He had only his stone axe, and with that he could not slay this man who was twice as tall as he; but great strength and courage were poured into the heart of the sun-child by his loving mother Beijen-Neita. Potto-Podnie flew at the Stalo and dealt him blow after blow with his stone axe. At the same time he had to guard himself against being cut down with the broadsword in the hand of his foe; but the Sameh-son was nimble on his feet and quick in mind, while the giant was clumsy and slow-witted.

When they had fought thus for a while, the giant began to pant for want of rest, and told the father of Waimo that after a little while they would once more try their strength against each other. Potto-Podnie was willing to rest, for he, too, felt the need of a chance to regain his strength. He went up to the stone god and prayed him to give aid and strength to his earth-son; and he made Jubmel a promise to offer ten snow-white vajas if his heaven-father would give

## Lapland Legends

---

him power to overcome his foe. The giant also went up to the image of Jubmel and said he would offer ten smooth-horned heifers if the god would be on his side.

Again they fought, but they were unable to overpower each other. Once more they rested. Potto-Podnie made another prayer to the stone god, and this time he said: "Beloved heaven-father, let your earth-son's strength become greater than the Stalo's, and I will lay my stone axe at your feet." This prayer the giant matched by saying that he would give to Jubmel his terrible moonbeam axe if the god would let him overcome and slay the puny sun-child.

Once more they went against each other with all their might. Potto-Podnie knew many wrestling tricks, and all of them he used against his foe. But still he felt his strength pass from his body; and he was about to sink to the ground, when loving Beijen-Neita came, unseen by the Stalo, and whispered something in her child's ear. Potto-Podnie said:

"Mighty gods in Savio-aimo,  
Give fresh strength to Potto-Podnie!  
Greatest Jubmel, shining Beijve,  
Steel again the sun-child's sinews.  
Help me overcome the Stalo,  
And his head, a mighty offering,  
I will place on yonder altar.

## The Stalo and Potto-Podnie

---

Also four and twenty vajas,  
Snowy, blemish-free, I offer  
If my daughter, my fair Waimo,  
Is to me alive returnèd."

This prayer the high gods heard. All the power in the Stalo's huge body went from him, and he fell to the ground as if asleep. Potto-Podnie now took the giant's huge broadsword and with it cut off the head of his foe. He placed it before the stone image of Jubmel; he also laid his own stone axe beside the Stalo's head. But he took with him the moonbeam axe and the broadsword and set out to find Waimo.

After some hardships, by the help of Beijen-Neita, he found her; the giant had hidden his young bride in the innermost room of his rock-hewn dwelling. Gladly Waimo went home with her father; but first she showed him the Stalo's treasure-chamber.

After some moon-rounds she brought forth a son, the offspring of the Stalo. Waimo's son grew to great stature. But he was taught about the gods of the Sameh; and his mother never told him that he was the son of a giant. Potto-Podnie and his daughter and her son lived in peace for many happy sun-rounds; and the Stalo-son became a leader of the Sameh-children. Thus ends the tale of the brave little sun-child who fought the Stalo to win back his daughter.

## Roubba and the Sviars\*

THE stories have related how the Sameh-children, coming from the south, found Skone, but soon left it behind and wandered still farther until they had found the land which they were seeking. This new place they called Sameh-land—"found by the help of the gods."

Their herds of reindeer increased, and the people multiplied and spread over the country. Meanwhile the little beings whom they had found when they came to Skone had gone farther into the deep forests and were seen no more. The sun-children took this new soil for their own, and they found it to be a good land, in which they could live in peace and plenty. Their daily thank-offerings made the gods smile in joy.

Several lakes had to be crossed as the Sameh-people went farther into this new region. In one of these lakes they found a large island which they named *Veisosuolo*, which in the Sameh-tongue means "the *Dwelling Island*." One man of Beijve's race, by name Stallomokke, took this island as his share of the new land. Here he lived with his wife, and the gods blessed him with the good things of the earth. He had three sons: the eldest was called Obme, the second Lakkamus,

\* Sviar. The Swedish people. Not to be confused with the Stalo.

## Roubba and the Sviars

---

and the youngest Roubba. Stallomokke had good grazing-grounds for his herd, and his sons hunted in the forest and fished in the waters around their island.

On the shore across the lake, in the forest, lived a wicked Stalo-giant who hated the peaceful island dwellers. It may be that he was sent by the Sviars to destroy the sun-children. He used his own evil magic to send gan-flies and pests among Stallomokke's herds of tamed reindeer; he also spoiled the hunting and fishing for the island dwellers. For a while Stallomokke kept his peace; but at last he spoke to his three sons. "I am aged and lacking the needed strength; but you, my sons, are young and strong. To the one who does away with the Stalo I will give half of my land and half of my herds."

"I am the oldest," Obme said, "and my strength is the greatest. I shall surely make away with the wicked Stalo, and we may once more live in peace."

"And I, your second son, shall slay the Stalo if Obme fails," Lakkamus said. "I am nearly as old as my brother, and just as strong as he is. I am also skilled in wrestling and spear-throwing. Never fear, we two shall surely overcome our foe."

"I," said Roubba, "I, your youngest son, am



## Lapland Legends

---

not so strong as either one of my brothers, but I am twice as cunning in the making of plans. If they cannot make away with the Stalo, it may be that my wiliness and trickery will win."

Obme and Lakkamus laughed at their younger brother; but Roubba went away from the viste, and for a whole day he sat on a rock making plans whereby he should be able to slay the Stalo.

The next day Obme set out in his boat, rowing toward the home-site of the giant. But the Stalo had seen him, and was watching him from behind a rock on the shore. As soon as Obme had reached the middle of the lake the Stalo uttered one fearsome gan-word which turned the boat and the rower into stones, and they sank to the bottom of the lake, never to be seen again.

Stallomokke, from the island, had seen this happen, but he was powerless against such evil-doing.

The second brother soon afterward set out to deal the death-blow to the Stalo. Lakkamus had learned from his brother's fate, and he rowed himself across the lake from the opposite side and neared the Stalo's holdings by walking around the shore. But the giant, through his black-art practice, had learned that the second brother was on his way to do him harm; and he



## Roubba and the Sviars

---

had set out a number of cunningly made and cleverly hidden traps, such as bear and wolf and wild-boar are caught in. Into one of these traps walked Lakkamus, and was killed.

Stallomokke's lament over the death of his two sons sounded wide and far. The Stalo, hearing his foe's grief, laughed in wicked glee.

Roubba did his best to comfort his father. But all the while he kept turning the plans in his head about, although he seemed to be taking his time. In truth, Roubba thought it best to let the giant suppose that he, Stallomokke's youngest and weakest son, did not dare do anything to avenge the deaths of his brothers.

Winter came along; and now the little Sameh-son made himself a very thick fur coat out of a number of reindeer hides with bearskins on the outside. There was a hood for his head, and there were flaps to cover his face, and the garment reached to the ground when Roubba tried it on. There were endless layers of hairy reindeer hides worked into it before it was ready. Stallomokke saw and wondered, but he asked his youngest son no questions,

One day in mid-winter Roubba carried his great fur coat down to the lake. With an axe he chopped a hole in the ice and put his garment to soak for some days in the icy water. Then, when he knew that the skins would hold no more wa-

## Lapland Legends

ter, he brought the soaked coat back to the viste, propped it up with logs, and stretched it into its original shape. He left it outside the tent for some days to freeze. In a few days it had become as hard as a rock, and not even the hardest blow from a stone club could dent it in any place.

One dark night Roubba, on his skis, carried the frozen fur coat to one of the Stalo's traps, placed it within, and sprung the trap. The heavy log crashed down upon the garment without changing its shape. The Sameh-son crawled inside the coat and waited for the Stalo to find him.

In the morning the giant, as usual, went around to gather the beasts that had been caught in his traps. In one of these he found Roubba, the youngest son of his island foe. The giant roared with laughter and slapped his lumpy knees.

“Ho-ho! Ha-ha! this is the last one;  
Three of Stallomokke's offspring  
Have I slain without an effort—  
This, the last one, like a fox-cub  
In my trap so neatly hidden.  
Wealth shall pour through Stalo fingers,  
And the Stallomokke reindeer  
All shall boil in Stalo kettle;  
Meat shall hang beneath my roof-tree—  
Fattest deer-meat for the Stalo.”

## Roubba and the Sviars

---

Thus sang the giant as he picked up Roubba and laid him over his shoulder and went home to his dwelling. Here he set the frozen form before the roaring fire to thaw out, because he wanted the fine fur-garment for his own little son. Soon afterward the Stalo and his wife went out into the forest to gather some firewood. They left the thawing Roubba with their child, telling him to watch it so that it should not tumble into the fire as it was thawed out by the heat.

Left alone with the giant child, Roubba began to look about him in the huge hall. The Stalo's son saw him move his eyes and turn his head; and in alarm the child ran out of the house in search of his parents. "Hurry home! The sun-child is alive; he moved his eyes and his head!" cried the little Stalo, panting with fear.

While the giant child was gone, Roubba had crawled out of the fur coat. Grasping the Stalo's shining battle-axe he leaped upon a cupboard near the door and waited.

As soon as the Stalo came through the door the Sameh hit him on the head with all his might. Roubba's blow cracked the giant's skull, and he fell down dead. Panting from running, and with the child in her arms, in came the wife. She, too, was made away with by a well-aimed blow from the axe; and in falling to the floor

## Lapland Legends

---

she smothered her child with the weight of her body.

Now Roubba closed the door and began to look for treasures; but nothing could he find worth carrying off, except the huge axe. He was just about to leave the house and return to his father's viste, when just outside the house, and as if coming out of the ground, he heard sounds of weeping. Roubba understood from this that somebody needed his help. He went to find a spade and began to dig into the frozen earth above the place from which the weeping came. At last, after some hard toil, he had made an opening that showed him a large underground chamber. It was almost filled with gold, silver, costly weapons, and trappings.

In the very middle of the room lay a fearsome monster, asleep. This was Arne, the treasure-guardian. He had three hideous heads, and from the three open mouths came snores that sounded like far-away thunder.

Beside this monster sat a fair maiden, the like of whom Roubba had never dreamed. She was weeping; and her tears, big and sparkling, fell so fast that they looked like strings of beads hanging between her white fingers.

"Comeliest of maidens, why do you weep?" Roubba asked, his heart deeply stirred with sorrow for her.

## Roubba and the Sviars

---

In fear and wonder she looked up, to see only a humble Sameh-son standing before her with pity in his eyes. Her fears melted away, and her weeping stopped; but she began to sing a strange lullaby, with her eyes on the sleeping monster:

*"Tu-lu-lu, tu-lu-lu.*

Arne guards the Stalo's gold,

*Tu-lu-lu.*

Guards it day and guards it night,

*Tu-lu-lu.*

But now and then I sing him to sleep,

*Tu-lu-lu, tu-lu-lu.*

Then alone I sit and weep.

*Tu-lu-lu.*

In far-off castle once I dwelt,

*Tu-lu-lu, tu-lu-lu;*

But evil Stalo bore me away,

*Tu-lu-lu.*

Stalo-son I must wed some day,

*Tu-lu-lu, tu-lu-lu.*

But I know a prince will come at last,

*Tu-lu-lu,*

And save me from the Stalo's claws!

*Tu-lu-lu, tu-lu-lu."*

All this Roubba stored in his head. But he was not going to let the maiden sit here and wait for a prince to come and rescue her. No, he, Roubba, Stallomokke's youngest and only son, was go-

## Lapland Legends

---

ing to carry this fair maiden from the house of the Stalo and take her safely to her father's castle. And perhaps her father would let him marry the maiden, whose comeliness had made new and strange cravings waken in his heart.

"Fairest maiden, I swear by the face of the sun-god that I will bring you safely to your father's castle. But first I must slay this three-headed monster. Know you by what power the Stalo keeps him here?" Roubba asked.

The maiden said that the Stalo sent the monster into a death-like sleep by using strange and terrible power-words over the creature; but often Arne fell peacefully asleep by her singing.

Roubba now felt helpless, for he had killed the giant and could not force him to tell what these words were. Then he recalled how his father had tried to call Obme back to life after he had been sent to the bottom of the lake. Stallo-mokke's magic had been powerless against the giant's black art; but Roubba thought that his father's power-word, being a good word, might call the giant back to life. He craftily planned that he would first cut off the giant's head and call it alone back to life. Thus he could learn the word used by the Stalo to overpower the monster, and at the same time be safe himself.

Soon the little Sameh-son had called the head of the Stalo to life; and it asked meekly:



## Roubba and the Sviars

---

"What is it you wish of me, my master?"

"I must know by what origin-word you bind the treasure-guardian," Roubba answered.

The head replied:

"Gan-words cannot bind the strong one;

Gan-word magic cannot free him;

And no one can touch my treasures

Save the one who finds my moon-axe."

The Sameh-son now asked the head where the moon-axe could be found. This it refused to tell. Then Roubba got a fire-brand and with it singed the hair and whiskers of the Stalo-head until it begged to be let alone, saying that it would tell.

"Stalo moon-axe, fearsome weapon,

Buried lies beneath the door-stone.

Only it can frighten Arne;

Only it can kill the guardian

Of the Stalo's hidden treasures."

Thus sang the head of the slain giant. Soon Roubba had found the moon-axe, and with it firmly grasped in his two hands he went again into the treasure-chamber. Arne was now awake, and he rushed at Roubba with his three fearsome mouths wide open, showing the fearfully sharp fangs, the six nostrils, and the six eyes shooting hot flames toward the little Sameh-son. Angry hissing sounds came from the three throats. The



## Lapland Legends

---

maiden had fallen on her knees; she was calling upon her own gods to help the sun-child. But Roubba, with three swift, sure strokes of the moon-axe, cut off the three heads and sent them all rolling toward the praying maiden's feet. With a great cry of joy she flung herself into Roubba's arms. "Truly, you are brave! and my father shall reward you for saving me from the Stalo and from yonder monster. Now there must forevermore be peace between the Sviars and the dwellers in Sameh-land," she said.

Roubba led the maiden forth and closed the door to the treasure-chamber. But first they dragged Arne into the dwelling-house and cast him on top of the three dead Stalos. Now Roubba found that his great bear-and-reindeer-skin coat had thawed out and was drying rapidly before the fire, and that in a little while it would be ready to put on. He told the maiden that she must wear his own ordinary garments, and thus she would be taken for a Sameh-child; while he would wear the heavy garment, which made him look almost like a bear. They would travel on skis through the forests to her father's castle. But before they went, Roubba set fire to the Stalo house; and thus the three giant beings and the treasure-guardian were destroyed, and left no tale behind to cause ill-will among the other Stalos.

## Roubba and the Sviars

---

After many days of wandering through the winter forests the maiden, led by Roubba, came to the castle of the king of the Sviars. Great was the joy of the king when once more he beheld his child unharmed. Down by the door stood Roubba, shy and dazzled by all the richly clad people who thronged about the princess, for such, of course, was she whom the Sameh-son had brought safely from the house of the Stalo.

At last some of the servants and some courtiers gathered about the queerly garbed figure down by the door. Some of them thought that the princess had brought with her a tame bear for a pet, and they led Roubba off to the place where the king's riding-beasts were kept. Here he was put in chains, to be kept safe until the princess should again wish to see him. Perhaps he could be trained to do tricks, and even to help them in the hunting of fox and wild-boar, they thought.

For a little while only, in the joy of being once more under her father's roof, the king's daughter forgot Roubba. After a short time she looked about and asked what had become of him. She was told that he was safe and content and would be brought forth whenever he was wanted. This seemed to satisfy her.

But early the next morning the princess was sent to visit her father's aged mother, who had

## Lapland Legends

---

her holdings farther south in the land of the Sviars. Roubba had soon been set free, for it was discovered that he was a human being and not a bear. He was given back the garments worn by the princess during their trip through the forests; so that he could lay aside the heavy bear-and-deer-skin coat. This garment and the Stalo's moon-axe he carefully hid in the stable. He kept his eyes and ears open and learned many useful things.

It had also come to him from the servants that the princess had been sent to visit the aged mother of the king; so Roubba bided his time. He also heard talk about a wrestling-match that was to be held between the strong men among the Goths and the Sviars. The two kings had not been on friendly terms since the daughter of the Sviar king had been carried off by the Stalo; for the Goth king had a son whom he wished to marry to the daughter of his neighboring ruler. He was planning that his son should rule both kingdoms at the death of the Sviar king.

One day the Goth king and his strong men arrived at the castle. There was a three-day feast planned, and many roasted boars, huge loaves of bread, honey-cakes, yellow cheeses, and endless drinking-horns filled with foaming mead went into the banquet-hall.

On the fourth day the wrestling-bout was to

## Roubba and the Sviars .

---

take place. But before this, the men belonging to the Goth king's following began to boast of their greater strength; and this boasting led to fighting. The courtyard of the castle was soon changed into a battle-ground. Blood flowed, and hatred possessed both sides. The two kings still sat in the hall unaware, drinking mead. When the Sviar king was told that many of his own men had been killed and others wounded, he asked the Goth king to command his men to stop this outrage; but his guest only laughed and asked him if he feared a handful of wrestling Goths. At this taunt the Sviar king ordered all his servants to arm themselves and go against the Goths.

Even Roubba was told that he must fight against the Goths with the Sviars. But he replied that he would not fight unless the king would let him marry his daughter. The king laughed at this reply, for he had not yet been told that it was this strange little creature who had saved his child.

More and more of the Sviars were slain or wounded, and the Goths were greatly cheered by the presence of their king, who was now looking on their prowess. Again the servants were sent to ask Roubba to help the Sviars; but always he gave the same reply. Now, in anger, the king himself went and spoke to the Sameh-son,

## Lapland Legends

---

whom he found in a dark corner in the stable. At the sight of the meek sun-child the anger of the king passed off, and he said: "If you help us overcome the Goths, I will give you my daughter and half of my kingdom."

Now Roubba sprang to his feet and cried: "Yes, I will fight for the king of the Sviars, and I will have the Goths running away in a short time." He made himself ready to go with the king to the courtyard; he donned his thick fur coat once more, and in his belt he hung the Stalo moon-axe. Bravely, Roubba stepped forth. He was cheered by the Sviars, while the sneering Goths cried: "Behold the living lump of fur!"

An arrow was sent toward him, but it only stuck in the furs. The swift-footed sun-child ran in among the tall Goths, who were heavily geared, and with sure strokes from the moon-axe he felled a number of the strongest. This made him bolder; and at the sword-thrusts aimed at him he only laughed, while he swung his death-dealing axe about. He seemed to have unearthly power; it may be that Beijen-Neita once more helped one of her brave sons. The Goths, seeing the dread flashing moon-axe killing everyone it hit, began to fear this furry creature and to regard him as a powerful sorcerer summoned by the Sviar king in his dire need. It truly looked as if he were bent upon destroying them all.

## Roubba and the Sviars

---

Suddenly, as one man, they flung down their weapons and fled, not even thinking of the safety of their king.

The Sviar king and those of his still living men who had seen Roubba go against the Goths also began to think that he was a great and powerful magician. The king ordered that rich garments should be brought forth, and that Roubba, arrayed in these, should come to the banquet-hall, sit by his side, and tell him who he was and whence came his strength.

Meanwhile, runners had been sent to fetch the princess back to the castle. As soon as she entered the hall, the king said: "My daughter, behold the brave and strong man who saved us from being overpowered by our foes, the Goths. I have promised you to him in marriage. I shall give him half my kingdom; he is both a brave and a wise man."

The princess cast herself into Roubba's arms and cried: "I knew you were brave, and I told you that my father would reward you!" And she related how Roubba had slain the three-headed Arne, after having first killed the giant and his wife.

With his bride Roubba went back to the island to tell his father that he no longer need fear the Stalo. The marriage of a sun-child to the daughter of a Sviar king brought about a new friend-

## Lapland Legends

---

ship between the two races. Many a tall, stately Sviar-son married the gold-white daughters of the Sameh-people, and now and then a Sameh-son took to wife the daughter of a Sviar.

Roubba and his wife kept the secret of the Stalo treasure, because it was to be a dower for their daughters.



## Arben-Warda-Veksek\*

**T**HIS is the song of the freedom-guardian  
Greatest and wisest child of the Sameh,  
Known as Arben-Warda-Veksek.

May my singing rouse the aged  
And give courage to the younglings;  
May the children learn its measures  
And, in time to come, repeat it  
To their own beloved offspring.  
Had I swiftness of the wild deer,  
Could I rush like storm-wind roaring  
Everywhere about the earth-lands;  
Could I fly like strong-winged eagle  
Farther still the fame would travel  
Of good Arben-Warda-Veksek!

Tales are told of Stallomokke—  
Of the sire of stalwart Roubba,  
The brave youth who killed the Stalo,  
And a great king's comely daughter  
From the toils of evil rescued.  
Tales are told of how brave Roubba,  
Called a two-legged Kassa-Moudda  
By the Sviars, won great honors  
From the maiden's royal father;  
How he wed the rescued princess  
And brought peace between the Sameh  
And the king who ruled the Sviars.

\* Arben-Warda-Veksek. The inspired leader; the liberator sent by the high gods to lead the Sameh-people to safety.

## Lapland Legends

---

But in nethermost Rotaimo  
Still the vile Skamotes plotted,  
Evil-hearted, cruel and fearsome,  
Maker of all earthly sorrows,  
Sending Korm and pest and famine,  
Sending hungry, slinking gray-sides  
And the fell and stinging gan-fly.  
Mother of all apparitions,  
Evil dreams that stalk the nighttide—  
Such is she, pale Mano's daughter.

To the greedy ones in Svia  
Came at night the vile Skamotes;  
Told them that her son, the Daro—  
Her own craven clay-made offspring—  
Was the forebear of the Sviars.  
To the greedy ones in Svia  
Whispered vilely dread Skamotes:  
"Beijve's children hid the sun-hoard,  
Mankind's treasure, deep in mid-earth;  
Go and claim the golden treasure!  
Take it ere the Sameh-offspring  
Find the sun-god's hidden riches."

Greedy sons of clay-made Daro,  
Armed with swords and sharp-tipped arrows,  
Rushed upon the Sameh-children,  
Drove them from their peaceful home-sites,  
Shouting: "Lead us to the treasures!"  
Evil days were now on Sameh.

## Arben-Warda-Veksek

---

Wicked warriors came to plunder.  
Captured, tortured were the children  
Of the loving sun-god's daughter.  
Still, they could not lead the Daros  
To the golden hoard appointed  
For themselves, the Sameh-children.  
Thus their song, in plaintive numbers:  
"Brief our joy in this fair country!  
Evil men with cruel weapons  
Came upon our peaceful dwellings,  
Drove us forth to our destruction;  
Sometimes over ice-clad mountains  
Were we driven forth to perish;  
Sometimes tumbled down steep cliff-walls.  
Sometimes drowned in rushing rivers;  
Sometimes were our fleeing bodies  
Pierced with copper-pointed arrows  
Sped from bows of greedy Daros.  
On the open wind-swept hillsides  
Found we death in icy snowdrifts.  
Deep within the somber forests  
Sought we shelter; but the gray wolves,  
Hated dogs of vile Skamotes,  
Set upon us. Bones that bleach there  
Tell the tale of death and anguish."

Peace there was no more in Sameh.  
Each one fled who had the swiftness  
Or the strength to 'scape the Daros.

## Lapland Legends

---

Once more, kindly Beijen-Neita  
Came to help her earth-born children.  
Beijve's offspring still remembered  
How she sang, ere she departed  
To the shining Savio-aimo:  
"The sun has set, and night is brooding;  
Heavy darkness falls on earth-land,  
Fills the smiling Sameh-country."  
("When will rosy morn be coming?"  
Ask the trembling Sameh-children.)  
"Sun has set, and hovering gray wolves  
Rush with snarls upon the reindeer.  
Korm shall sting and pests shall kill you.  
Sameh-sons shall dwell in darkness;  
No one knows when rosy morning  
Shall bring joy to gloomy earth-land.  
Sun has set. The sun-god's daughter  
Once more goes to Savio-aimo.  
But to faithful Beijve-children,  
One day, light and gladness bringing,  
She shall come—the shining daughter  
Of the kindly, loving sun-god."

Thus they hymned of god-made mother.  
Nor did she forget her promise;  
She could not forsake her children.  
She is near in pain and danger,  
Making lighter every burden.  
And she came to seek her father—

## Arben-Warda-Veksek

---

She, the loving Beijen-Neita;  
Pleaded for her sons in sorrow,  
Bleeding 'neath the scourge of Daro.

Stirred within his deepest heart-roots,  
Spoke the sun-god: "Lo! my daughter,  
To our tried and faithful children  
Shall go Arben-Warda-Veksek.  
He shall save from Daro's hatred,  
Lead my sons to Jubmel's treasures."

Born was Arben-Warda-Veksek  
In the old man Kukko's viste.  
He had sprung from lowly forebears;  
Want and hardship were his playmates.  
Comely form and noble stature  
Had not Arben-Warda-Veksek.

Daros came to Kukko's viste,  
Came with swords and spears and arrows,  
Murdered Kukko and his helpmate,  
Servant, and the poor retainer;  
But sly Arben-Warda-Veksek,  
Hid beneath a pile of deer-hides  
And escaped the murdering Daros.  
When the slayers had departed,  
Out he leaped, the plucky youngling.  
Beijve had poured strength and wisdom  
Into Arben-Warda-Veksek.

## Lapland Legends

---

Powerful gan-words, words of binding,  
And the Kobdas' holy tracings  
Understood he and made use of,  
Speaking words that brought the darkness,  
Speaking words that brought the north-wind,  
Ice-cold, hurling stinging snowdrifts  
Fathoms deep upon the Daros.  
Death-black night fell on the earth-lands;  
Icy breath from Bjeggogalles'  
Oldest son blew on the Daros,  
Numbed their hearts and froze their marrows.  
Now they feared, and knew how mighty  
Were the gods of Beijve's children.

In their fear the Daros wandered,  
Fumbling, stumbling in the forests;  
Everywhere the icy snowdrifts  
Hemmed them in and hid their pathways.  
Came the spring: and perished Daros  
Lay upon the thawing hillsides  
And within the darksome forests,  
And were seen by Sameh huntsmen.  
Arben-Warda-Veksek's magic  
Had outwitted greed of Daros.  
Thus, through wisdom taught by godship,  
Were destroyed the mighty foemen;  
And the stripling by the Sameh  
Now was hailed a mighty shaman.

## Arben-Warda-Veksek

---

Young blood coursing in his body  
Gave him zest to bid his people  
Seek the council-place to ponder  
And lay plans and choose a leader  
Beating Kallo's ancient Kobdas,  
Shaped by aged Nischergurgje  
And passed on to noble Kallo,  
Came the lad before the people.

"Is not this old Kukko's offspring?"  
Asked the wise ones in the gathering.  
"Scarcely is he out of swaddlings—  
Yet the foremost place assumes he  
In the council of our people!"  
But the brave lad gave them answer:  
"I am Arben-Warda-Veksek.  
Lo! the gods took pity on us,  
And into my head poured wisdom  
Far beyond my soon-told sun-rounds;  
Through the magic taught by Jubmel  
I called forth the icy north-wind  
Which destroyed the ravening Daros.  
I have called you to the council  
To advise with you. I'll lead you  
Safely to the far-off Northland  
Where dwell other Sameh-children.  
Gold-mad warriors here will ever  
Prey upon us and destroy us—  
Ever greedily will covet



## Lapland Legends

---

Treasures hid for Sameh-children.  
Let us gather all our reindeer  
And our household goods, and wander  
Northward, to our waiting brothers.”  
Thus he spoke, the youthful leader—  
Spoke the words of golden Beijve.  
Aged men then fell to wondering,  
And the young men clamored loudly,  
Seeing bravery and wisdom  
In the eyes and lofty bearing  
Of young Arben-Warda-Veksek.

Old men, young men, cried together:  
“This good youth shall be our leader—  
He is Arben-Warda-Veksek!”

Now from everywhere they gathered  
For their wandering to the Northland;  
They and all their antlered reindeer.  
In the early spring-day sunlight,  
Like the rise and fall of billows,  
Gleaming, moving, ever changing,  
Were the herds of Sameh-children.  
Northward, guided by their leader,  
Went the sons of Beijen-Neita,  
Singing loudly as they wandered.  
Polar star and flaming north-light  
Lit their path through every nighttide.  
Onward, filled with faith and gladness,  
Pressed the happy Sameh-children.

## Arben-Warda-Veksek

---

In their hearts they thanked great Jubmel  
For each day which brought them nearer  
To the Northland and their brothers  
Who had found the way before them.

Dangers met them, hardships faced them;  
Bravely Arben-Warda-Veksek  
Stood the trials and cheered his people  
With the songs and cited sagas  
Dear to every son of Sameh.

Wise he was, their youthful leader,  
Fearless as great Kassa-Moudda,  
Fleet of foot like slinky gray-side;  
He excelled the fox in cunning.  
Primal words and mighty gan-words,  
Taught him by fair Beijen-Neita  
And great Jubmel, heaven-father,  
Had he on his nimble tongue-tip.  
Fearsome warriors, gleaming weapons  
Harmed him not, nor black-art magic  
Sent by Mano's plotting daughter.  
And his people made the saying:  
*"Nischergurgje is returnèd."*

Thus they wandered, ever northward,  
Knowing in their hearts that Jubmel  
Held his hand, a shield, above them.

And they found their other brothers—  
Found here all the tribes of Jalok—  
And were welcomed by the people

## Lapland Legends

---

Who had earlier fled, and henceforth  
Here would tend their grazing reindeer,  
Here would build their peaceful vistes.  
And it still is sung in Sameh:  
*"In the time of pain and peril  
Wandered we in fear and trembling  
From the dwelling-place of terror."*

Thus, once more, the Sameh-children  
Tasted joy and peace and plenty,  
Safe from Stalo, safe from Daro.  
Aged shaman beats his Kobdas  
And relates the songs and sagas  
Of the Sameh-children's wanderings—  
How they went to seek the treasures  
Safely hid by loving Jubmel,  
As a tie to hold them closely  
Drawn together, loving, helpful,  
Ever heeding Beijve's mandate:  
*"Brother must not hate his brother."*

## The Kobdas, or Divining-Drum

(See frontispiece)

**T**HIS instrument is from eighteen inches to seventy-two inches long, and oval in shape. Its framework is a strip of light wood bent to form the oval. (It must first have been well soaked or steamed in hot water.) Over the wooden frame is stretched the flawless snow-white skin of a *vaja*. On the drum-head many symbolical signs are painted in red. (The color-medium is made from alder bark and reindeer blood.) Around the edge of the drum various ornaments are suspended—brass rings, little silver buckles, teeth of wild animals, “lucky-stones,” strings of glass or brass beads, streamers of bright colored yarn, and thongs of reindeer skin. To the back of the drum an elaborately carved handle is fastened. The beater, or hammer, is a T-shaped implement, the handle of which is wound with soft leather thongs. The hammer also is decorated with tassels and brass rings.

The most important part of the Kobdas is the Arpa, or indicator. This is a small object, often a piece of thin bone, pointed and elaborately carved, in length about two inches. When the shaman wants to use the Kobdas, the Arpa is laid upon Beijve’s own sign with many little ceremonial bows toward the four cardinal points of the

## Lapland Legends

---

compass. (If the shaman has an assistant or disciple, he may be allowed to place the Arpa on the drum.) The shaman now begins to beat softly on the sides of the Kobdäs, the while chanting his holy songs. Soon the Arpa begins to flit about among the fifty-two signs. It is the task of the shaman to interpret its flittings.

In a sense the Kobdas takes the place of the oracle, or even of the Bible. It is the most sacred object among the Lapps, and when they journey the Kobdas is carried ahead of the tribe.

It is forbidden to women to gaze upon the divining-drum, and no woman is permitted to cross the path over which it has been carried.

In the shaman's tent the upper section, farthest away from the door, is sacred to the Kobdas, and is called the *Passio*, or holy place. In the *Passio* the Kobdas is locked away in a carved chest; and only on feast-days or when called upon to divine the future will the shaman bring out his sacred drum.

If a cure has been performed or good advice given and followed, the fee of the shaman is a live reindeer and a brass ring to hang on his drum. The number of rings is an indication of the shaman's skill and of the extent to which he is sought by his people.



This Book may be kept

## FOURTEEN DAYS

A fine of TWO CENTS will be charged for each day the Book is kept over time.

Nov 7 '60 p

Library Bureau Cat. No. 1137.24-□



398.2  
H57

59678

Hertzman

Lapland legends

398.2  
H57

59678

CURRY LIBRARY-WILLIAM JEWELL COLLEGE



0 0009 0013332 3